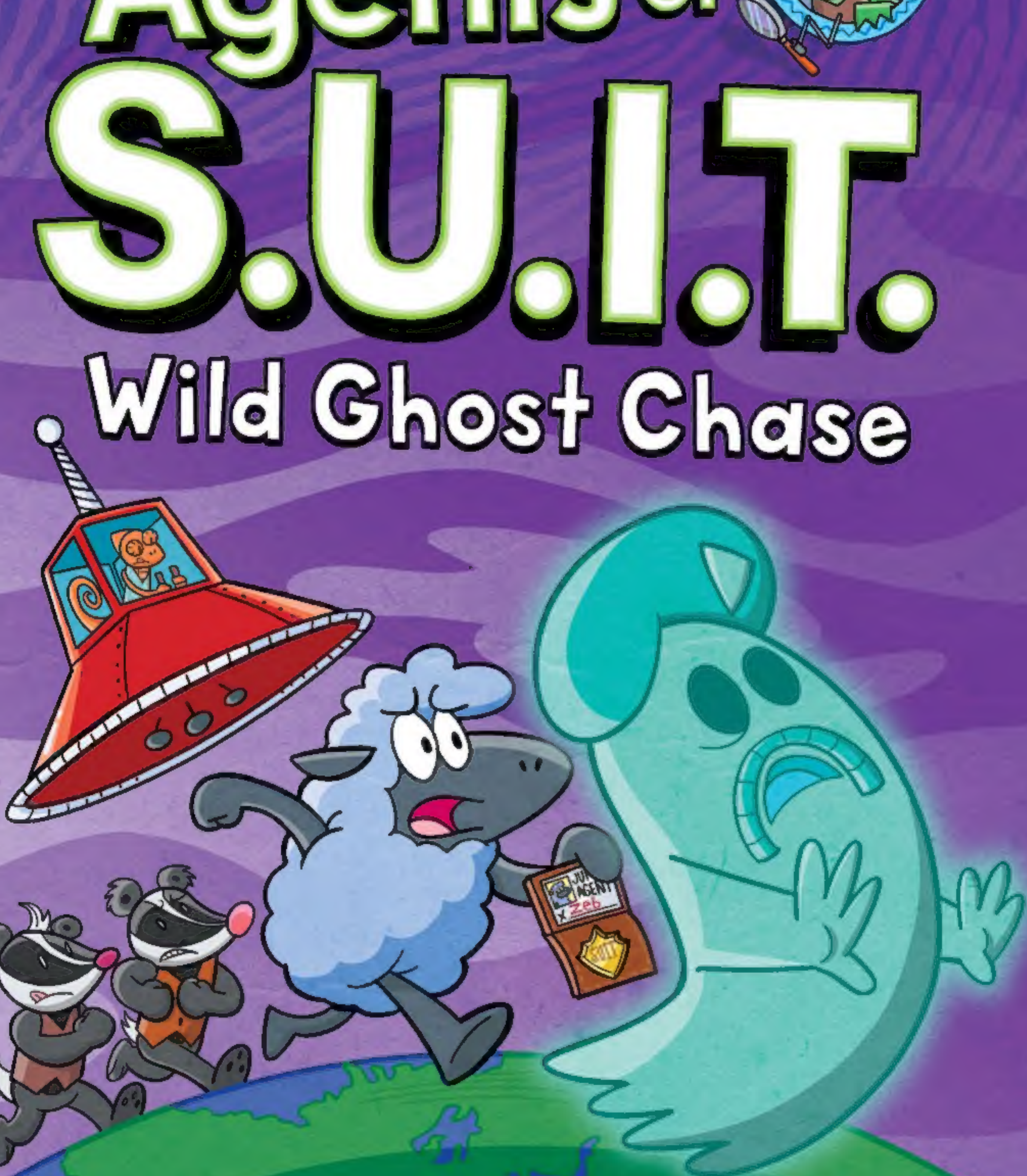
InvestiGators presents

Agents of S.U.I.T.

Wild Ghost Chase



New York Times–Bestselling Author

John Patrick Green

with **Christopher Hastings** and **Pat Lewis**

Agents of S.U.I.T.

Wild Ghost Chase

Agents of S.U.I.T.

Wild Ghost Chase

written by John Patrick Green
and Christopher Hastings
illustrated by Pat Lewis
with color by Wes Dzioba

:01
First Second
New York

For those who are seeking,
and those who are sought.

:01
First Second

© 2025 by John Patrick Green

Digitally illustrated in Photoshop

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FIRST EDITION

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Cover and interior book design by Molly Johanson
Production editing by Dawn Ryan and Jacob Sammon
Color by Wes Dzioba

BY ART WE LIVE

Prologue

Crime, corruption, confusion...

BREAD! NOW SLICED!

PENICILLIN It's MOLD but GOOD FOR YOU!

ALL-NEW JAZZ MUSIC made up ON THE SPOT!

These dastardly forces had better look out!

GREAT GATSBY

PANKSY WILL BE HERE

Because there's a brand-new force for good in town, and by golly, they're cleaning up faster than a jet-powered push broom!

SPROIIING

They're called the Special Undercover Investigation Teams.*

AK!

CLICK!

And they're the latest accomplishment from world-renowned supersleuth **General Inspector Tract.**

Nice work, team!

G.I. Tract has solved murders, thefts, boat crimes, sky crimes, scary mysteries, funny mysteries...

FUNNY mysteries?

That one time with the clown.

Oh, right. A Study in Scarlet **Noses.**

*Or **S.U.I.T.** Nice to say the *shorter* version down here for once!

G.I. Tract has debunked urban legends, rebunked beds, and even completed a big book of crossword puzzles.

But his **life mission** isn't complete! There's just *one* more—one ***ULTIMATE MYSTERY!***

Sir? Who are you talking to?

AHEM!

Just narrating my own flashback, **Agent Deneau.** Reminiscing.

You said something about the **ULTIMATE MYSTERY.** What is it?

EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE!

Where is it? Who is it?

WHY is it?

Let's stick to the **facts** first, Deneau. **Philosophy** later.

Are we *ALONE* in the universe? It's the ONE mystery that's eluded me.

It'd be even *better* if there were alien **CRIMES** to solve...

Like these **crop circles!** It's why I built this outpost! Is it alien vandalism?

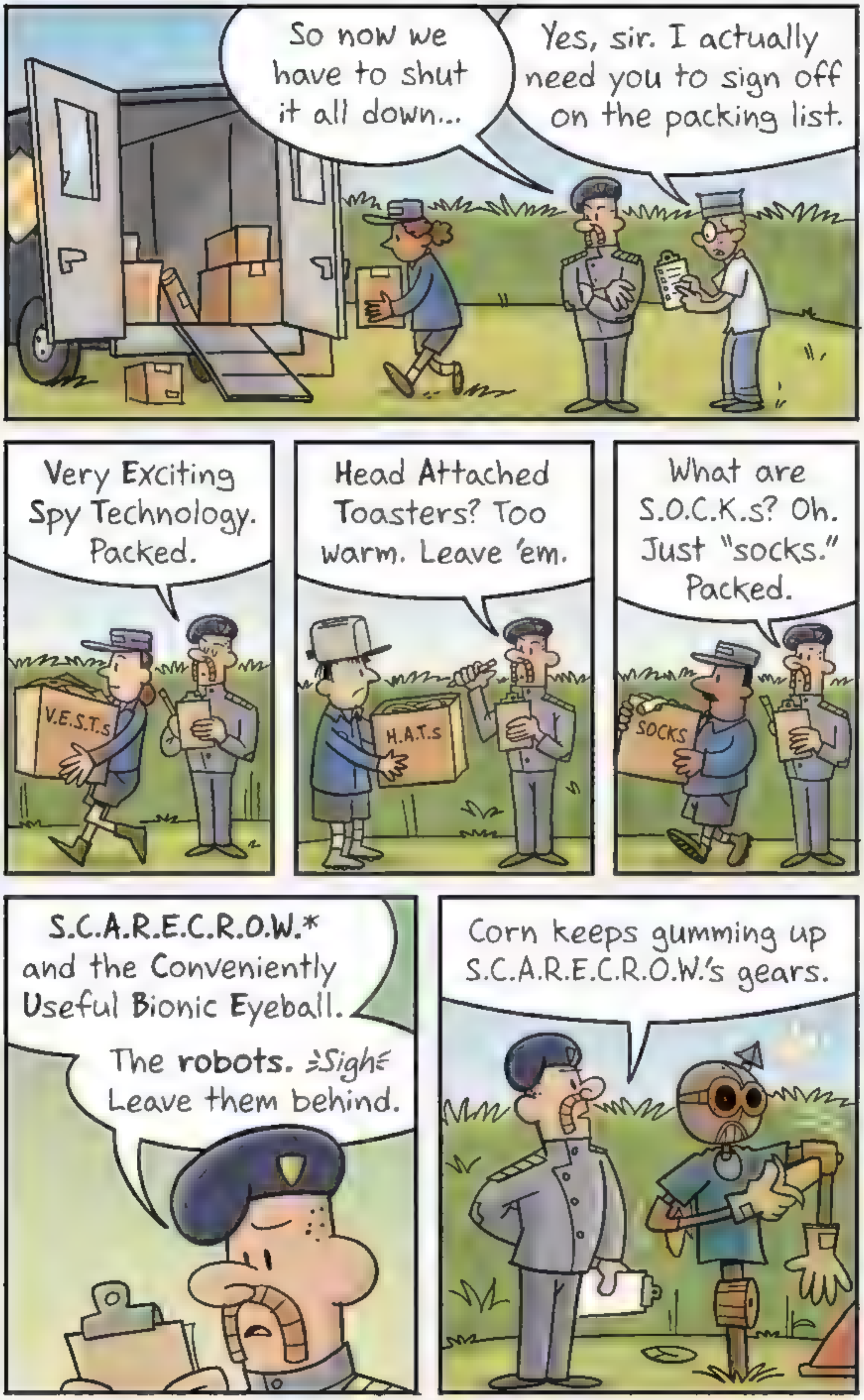
Or something...***stranger?*** If it's extraterrestrial communication, what does it *SAY?*

"We like circles"?

It might as well. We haven't found anything better.

Ten years! NOTHING! It **STINKS!**

That might be the **manure** from the farm next door...



*Sentient Computerized And Robotically Engineered Crow Repeller On Watch

And **C-UBE** can't even open a door. *Completely Useless* is more like it!

PULL PULL

Next time we'll try a ***sphere.*** Maybe the aliens were onto something. They didn't do crop ***SQUARES,*** after all...

Just because we didn't find any **aliens** doesn't mean there isn't another **ultimate mystery** out there to elude you!

Things elude *ME* all the time...

It might be time for me to step away from running S.U.I.T. for a while.

Go **deep undercover,** maybe.

I could put *YOU* in charge! Ha ha! What do you think of *that?*

I dunno...

Don't be so down on yourself. Today you **Deneau.** Tomorrow you could be **General Inspector** Deneau!

What's left...

Flat files

Nail files

V.E.S.T.s

H.A.T.s

Socks

S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.

C-UBE

First General Inspector's Final General Inspection

For a last **sweep**, I can start with the **broom closet!** HA HA!

Listen to that! Totally *soundproof* in here.

Shame to abandon it. This thing was built to last a **hundred years.**

KNOCK KNOCK

CLACK

Has anyone seen G.I. Tract?

VRRRMMM!

He told me he was about to go **deep undercover!**

Heh. Classic Tract. Always one step ahead. He must already be a *thousand miles away!*

HELP! I've been locked in the closet! HEEEELLLP—

Battery low...

Beep!

Someone will *have* to realize I'm gone eventually.

A very long time later...

OoooOOOoo...

...Ooh! Guess that door was **unlocked** after all!

I really thought I was going to *perish* in there—

WhoaAAaoah!

How'd this **skeleton** get in here?

And why's it wearing my hat?

Unless...

...I'm...not the **General Inspector** anymore.

I'm the General In-SPECTRE!

Because...I never solved the **ULTIMATE MYSTERY!** Now I'm *doomed* to haunt this base alone.

An *even longer* time later...

HA HA! Pushed the spring a full **half inch!** *Another* hundred years and I'll have it all running again.

This place is *ANCIENT.* Look! The phones even have **CORDS!**

S.U.I.T. agents have returned! They must be here to *finally* reopen the **crop circles case!**

I can send them messages, help rebuild the base from the shadows...

And then when we discover the secret of alien life, my **mission** will be *COMPLETE!*

And I can *MOVE ON* from this ***mortal coil!***

Soon...

ALIENS ARE INVADING!

Wow! So the crop circles **were** real!

They've done it! The case is cracked!

They'll have to save the world from the invasion, but that's hardly *my* problem now.

This is it! The **ULTIMATE MYSTERY** has been solved...

...and it's time to *MOVE ON!*

Hello?

I'm still a ghost.

I'm still *STUCK!*

Was extraterrestrial life *not* the **ULTIMATE MYSTERY?!**

No. It must be that *I* am not the one who *SOLVED* it.

The lizard and that **FLOATING TECH-HEAD** STOLE MY GLORY!

...And *now* you know why such an accomplished, *NICE* ghost like **me** became this **VENGEFUL SPIRIT!**

WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WERE HERE! I thought your messages were from **Inspector Vague!**

Also, how many flashbacks inside of flashbacks did you have there?

An eternity alone will get *anyone* pretty good at **thought-balloon introspection inception.**

But now I have a **PLAN!** You've given me the chance to be *FREE...*

...to execute my FINAL ACT as HEAD OF S.U.I.T.!

Chapter 1

Things sure are *tough* for a new S.U.I.T. recruit! I'm starting to miss the **farm**...

Junior Agent Zeb, you've got something I want.

You don't have to do this! My **wool** can be bought wherever fine fabrics are sold!

Not your wool!

Information on S.U.I.T.!

Answer my questions and you might live. But if I think you're **lying**...

...or *worse*, simply *WRONG*...

...then it's a *very long fall* to think about your mistake.

What secret did S.U.I.T. discover was behind **STONE HENGE?**

Gotta answer honestly... I don't know.

CLANK!

HISSSSSSS

Does the **Loch Ness Monster** *exist?*

Eee... I don't know.

BRAZZ

Correct!

WHAT?!

Nobody knows the answers to these questions!

Then why all the ***threats?!***

I hit the wrong button by mistake.

The first General Inspector—**Tract**—prized his abilities to solve *ANY* mystery. What happened to him?

I don't know.

Correct. Maybe. Probably.

FINAL QUESTION! Who was the General Inspector who took over *after* G.I. Tract?

Gee, I dunno...

ARE YOU SURE?!

HEY! Whoever's writing this, I didn't say "Gee, I dunno"!

I said "G.I. Deneau"!

Correct!

You can let go now.

WHAT?! NO!

LET. GO.

But I passed!

Yes! And now you're done for!

ZIP

ZZZ

AAAAAAH!!!

AAAAAA—oof.

WHUMP!

Sorry, did I say you're *done for*?

I meant you're done for *NOW*. There'll be more tests before you're fully V.E.S.T.ed, Zeb!

Pretty scary scenario just for a **history quiz.**

I don't usually run these *personally* anymore, but I can't help messing with the newbies!

Sorry, **Cilantro!**

I gotta go! I'm late!

At S.U.I.T.'s main headquarters in the big city...

Milford only lets me work remote if I get my **wool quota** in on time!

I can—

I grow and shear bags of it, all different colors.

If you need—

It's easy for a chameleon like *you* to change colors, Cilantro, but when I do it, I *dye*.

JUST FOR SHEEP

Sure, but—

I gotta catch my bus!

I could give you a ride in my **spaceship**.

It's faster than a bus.

And at S.U.I.T.'s farm base...

I only need you to get something at headquarters!

Boo to that!

That's MY line!

C-UBE, help me!

No! Obey your General Inspector!

Beep?

Sounds like Monocle's having trouble with the plumbing again!

BANG!

K-BLANG!

PLONK

Chapter 2

Ah, my old hood...
Maybe my wool would make a nice hoodie?
WOOL
Good to see everyone's enjoying their new freedom!
WOOL
LAW
Look who's come back! And in periwinkle!
Not exactly Pantone's color of the year...

Sorry, Milford. It's hard to keep up with trends when you're a **secret agent.**

This hasn't been exposed to any **toxic super weapons,** has it?

I don't want it to smell like lava from some mission to a VIP villain's volcanic vacation lair!

I haven't actually done anything that cool yet.

Oh! I'm glad to hear that.

Not just for the **wool!** I worry **you'll** get hurt in the field.

Well, not a *FIELD* field. An *on-a-secret-mission* kind of field.

Thanks.

Come back soon! Try stripes or plaid next time!

I'm near the S.U.I.T. farm base...

Maybe Monocle will have some words of encouragement—

Oh NO!

S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W. is *HEADLESS!*
Like some variety of *HORSEMAN!!!*

Alas, poor Yorick...

As in, you're ick-y, you mud-covered metallic skull.

How rude!

AAAAAH!

Sorry for spooking you. I guess I lost my head!

I didn't know you were a scare*sheep!*

What happened here?

There was some **commotion** I couldn't see, and before I knew it, I was knocked off my post from behind!

We should **investigate.** Awfully *dark* down there, though...

THAT'S better!

Kind of...

Monocle? C-UBE?

They don't appear to be here—

AAAHH—

FAINT!

How can you faint? You're just a **head!**

ZZT!

OH! You're fainting at what you saw **ahead!**

AAH! It's A HEAD!

On top of a **SKELETON,** no less!

Could this be...**Monocle?** No, no, it *can't* be true!

What could have done this?

Bugs?! Was Monocle eaten by this MOTH?!

Wool's worst enemy!

I need to get out of here before that moth eats *ME!*

Except...

Monocle's **flying workstation** isn't made of wool.

Also, neither was Monocle.

So a moth *PROBABLY* didn't kill Monocle...

...BUT I'M NOT RULING ANYONE OUT YET!

Time to think like a **detective.**

Whoever did this may have left EVIDENCE on these bones!

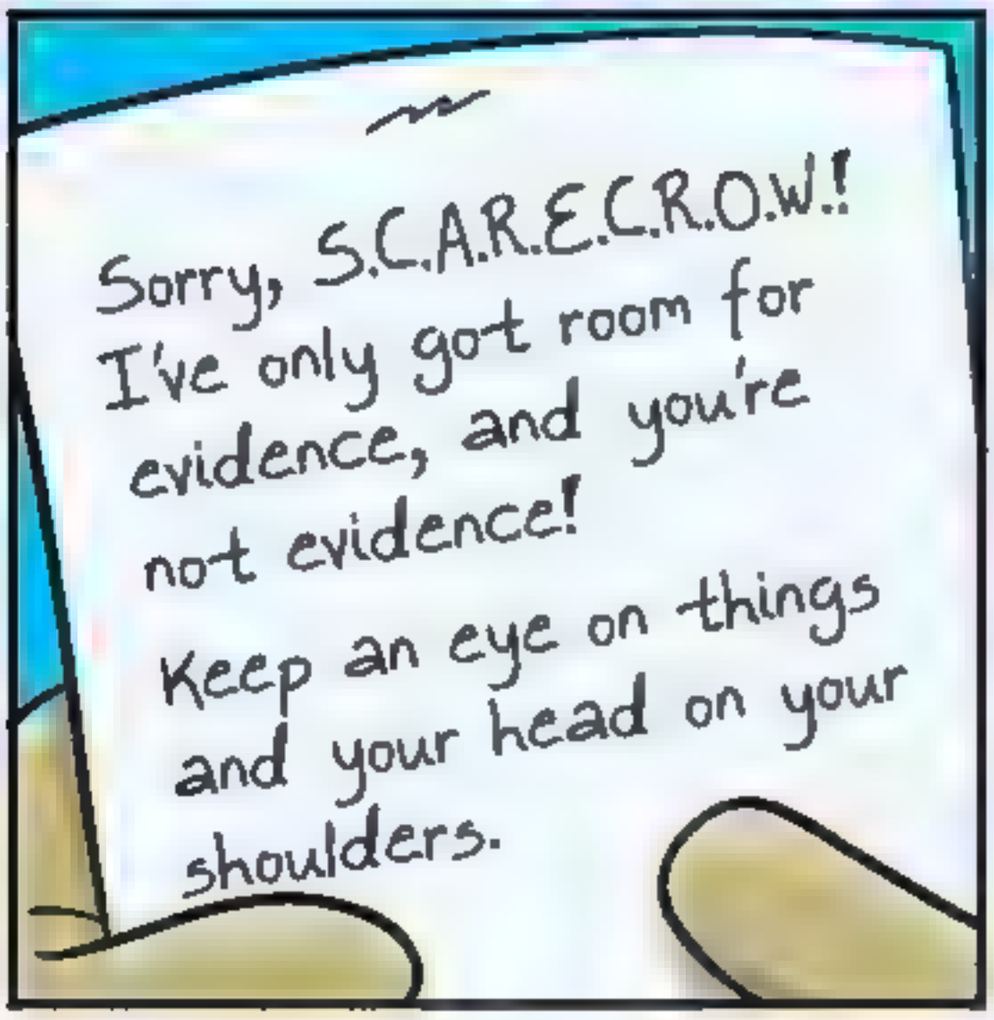
I'll have to take them back for analysis.

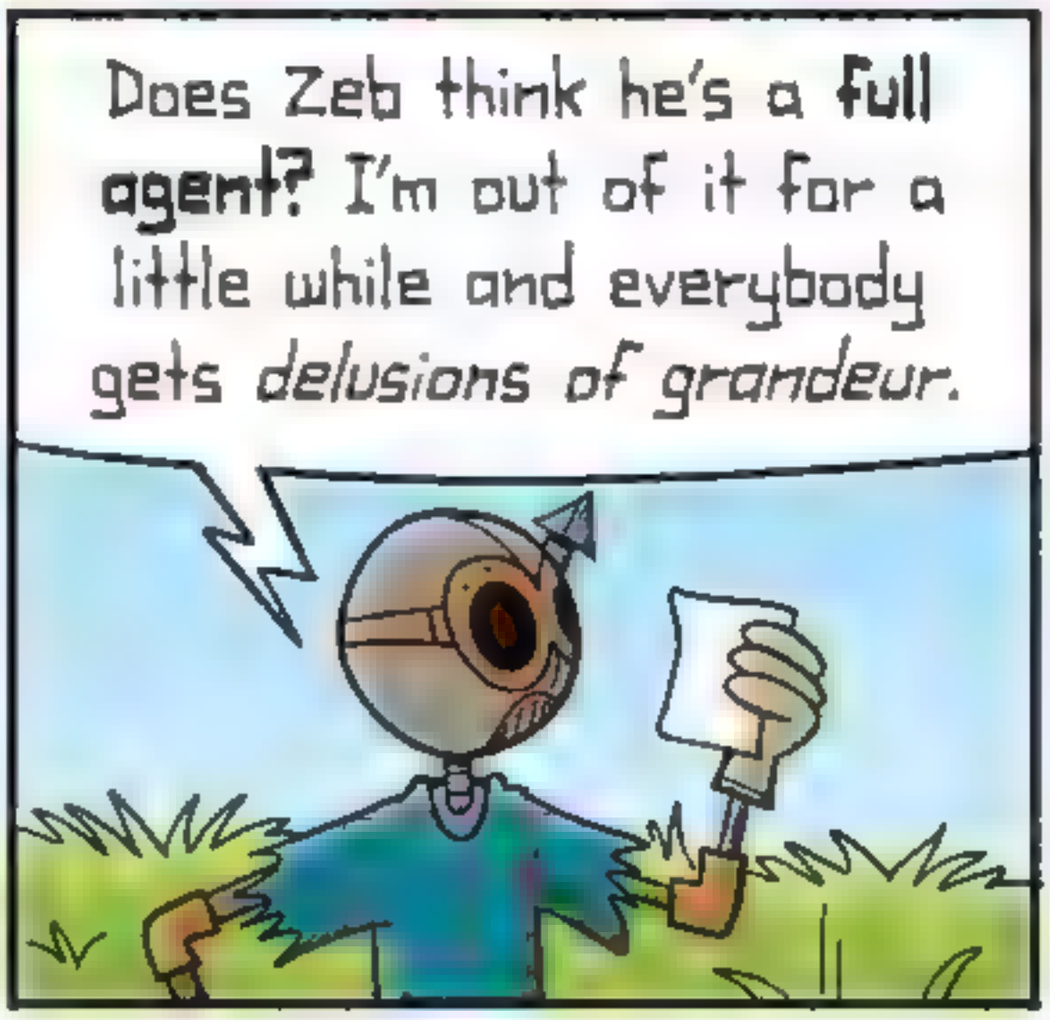
WOOL
NOT A SKELETON

What's in the box?
Uh...
WOOL
NOT A SKELETON

AAAAAAHH! A skeleton!

Oh! I must have passed out. What's this?


Sorry, S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.! I've only got room for evidence, and you're not evidence!
Keep an eye on things and your head on your shoulders.


Does Zeb think he's a full agent? I'm out of it for a little while and everybody gets delusions of grandeur.

Chapter 3

Once back at S.U.I.T. HQ...

I NEED EVERYONE'S ATTENTION!

WOOL NOT A SKELETON

I just found Monocle's skeleton!

WOOL NOT A SKELETON

WHAT?!

You did?!

Where?

How?

WOOL NOT A SKELETON

Something happened at the—

...

MONOCLE! YOU'RE OKAY!

Yes! I know!

So if *your* skeleton is still inside of *you*...

...whose is *THIS*?

Uh...

That? That's just an old Halloween decoration!

WOOL NOT A SKELETON

Made from **real** bones?

It's plastic.

Pretty *calcium-rich* plastic.

Why was S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.'s head knocked off?
A crow wanted to get back at him, brought some friends. BIG friends!
Ever seen an albatross in the country? TERRIFYING!
Albatross...?
You're a new agent, right? I see you don't have a V.E.S.T.
We've MET—
There's NO mystery here. Let it go.
But—
The General Inspector says LET IT GO.

Huh? Monocle isn't the General Inspector.

C-UBE gets confused. He can't even microwave popcorn!

Somehow it comes out even *COLDER*...

I'm just here to get some documents from the **Hall of Mysteries.**

Those paper records were digitized...

...by *YOU!* Why not download them in your lab?

Down... load... lab?

Yes, your **MONOCLAB.**

Ah, right! Of course.

That C-UBE. What a *square!*

We at least have well-*ROUNDED* personalities.

Why won't anybody take me seriously?

Remember! I'm a **detective!** That skeleton *isn't* plastic. It's full of **DNA!**

Find out whose it was, and it ***might*** lead to why Monocle is acting so ***weird...***

Cilantro. We're... friends, right?

Of course!

I'm worried we have a **double agent.**

NO! Who?!

I found *disturbing* info at the farm.

It may even tie to...**the sheep!**

The sheep?

Yes! Like *THAT* one! Watch him.

I don't know enough to make an accusation, but I'm on top of it.

BeeewwwaAAAaare!

Wow. Monocle said "beware" like a **spooky ghost!** This *MUST* be serious.

Was I *too quick* to vet Zeb as S.U.I.T. material? Sheep *ARE* full of **wool,** which is an ideal material to make a suit out of.

On the other hand, all the sheep *DID* cause an **intergalactic incident—**

ACK! Where'd Zeb go???

I have a **skeleton** I need to have analyzed!

BONES BUREAU

Yours or somebody else's?

...

Somebody else's.

PLEASE, I'm in a hurry!

=Tsk!= Proper procedures take time. No bones about it!

Or *PLENTY* of bones, in this case!

I'll be back!

YES! All these **mysteries,** all *MINE* to solve. I've spent enough time *HAUNTING.* Now's the time for *ACTION.*

InSPECTRE, we could **help** you! Just *LET GO* of me!

HELP ME?! Just like *last* time?

No, Monocle. Today...

...I'm making *sure* nobody from S.U.I.T. ruins my **plans.**

Time for you to be Completely *Useful*, C-UBE. To the **mainframe!** You know what to do.

BEEP! C-UBE's part of the plan!

Bye bye, General Inspector!

Who was Monocle talking to besides C-UBE? It sounded pretty sinister.

Whatever C-UBE's up to can't be good, either.

Do I confront Monocle or chase down C-UBE?!

Argh!

C-UBE's easily **confused**... Maybe I can **confuse** him into telling me WHAT'S GOING ON!

HUFF HUFF!
Almost...got him...
HUFF!

There you are! You ran off! I have **news!**

Make it quick!

I've identified what you've brought in. It's definitely...

...a **SKELETON.**

I ALREADY *KNOW* IT'S A SKELETON!

Really? Wow, you're *good* at this! You should apply for my department!

If you've got the **SPINE** for it!

You've gotta be kidding me.

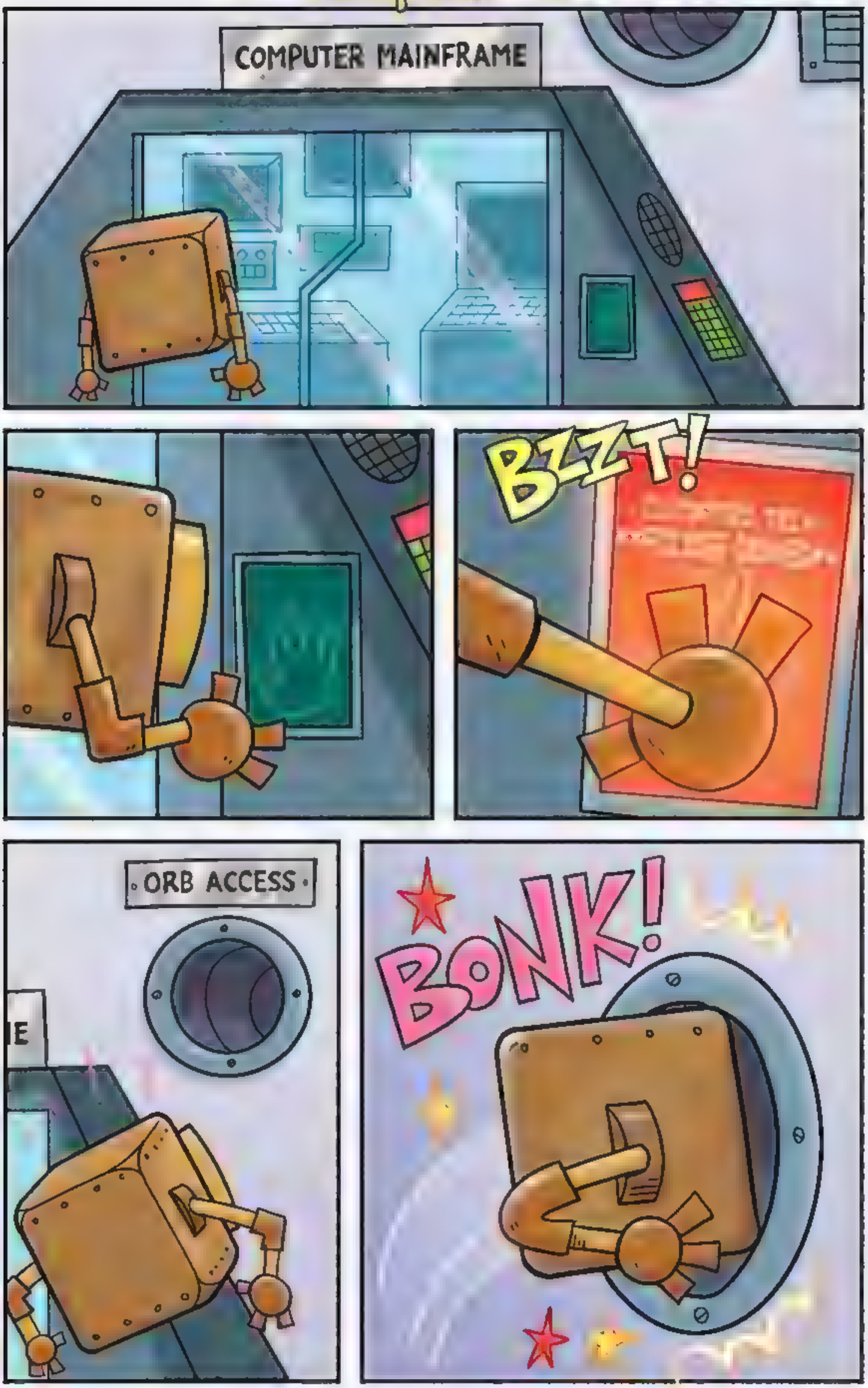
I'm not trying to be **humerus**!

fig 1
humerus bone

I'm just **ribbing** you a little.

FIND OUT *WHOSE* SKELETON IT WAS!

Chapter 4



ORB ACCESS

AIR ACCESS

Hmmm... Beep!

AIR...is SQUARE!

CLANK

ER MAINFRAME

Where is the motherboard?

No... No... No...

BABYBOARD

DADDYBOARD

GRAMMABOARD

All these boards are making *ME* bored! BEEP!

You S.U.I.T. agents may have stolen my chance to prove the existence of aliens...

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE

...but *this* time, C-UBE will ensure **nobody** can follow the clues and *FOIL ME AGAIN!*

I will take up the mission to solve a *NEW* **ULTIMATE MYSTERY!** And then my **spirit** can *move on!*

Time to use...

BEEP

...all of C-UBE's typing training!

C-UBE, whatever you're doing...

...don't!

Let's get QWERTY! Beep!

BANG!

BZZZT!

NOOO!

KABOOM!

VEEEERRUUUNNN

What was that?!

CRASH!

C-UBE's ESCAPED!

ZZZP!

ZZPT!

KLUNK!

All of S.U.I.T.'s power has been cut! Only the emergency lights work! I hope it isn't **giant ants** again!

It's definitely *SOME* kind of **bug** in the system!

A **BUG**?!

Maybe I was right not to rule out MOTHS yet!

With the mainframe deactivated, even S.U.I.T. equipment in the **field** will go offline!

Elsewhere, at that exact moment...

My **helium market manipulation** is working! Blimps! Birthday balloons! Everything *fun* that *floats* depends on *MY* hoard of helium!

HELIUM PRICES

People will pay a **fortune!** To which I shall say, "TANKS!"

Because it comes in tanks.

And I'll deliver the tanks in **TANKS!** *BWA HA HA!*

No, *TANK YOU*, **BLOFISH!**

Your **INFLATION SCHEME** is about to get *POPPED.*

DO NOT TOSS

TOSS!

What are you shortsighted henchmen talking about?

We're not actually your henchmen. We're...

MANGO and **BRASH**, the **InvestiGators!**

And you're coming with us...

CLICK!

Uh...

Just have to get the gadgets to pop out...

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

Hold on. Give us a sec.

THEN you're done for! We mean it!

PUFF!

Everything at S.U.I.T. relies on the mainframe! I can't even get my **desk** to open!

I'll have to do it...

...the *old-fashioned* way.

How long can we survive like this? We need **Monocle!** WHERE IS SHE?!

Oh good, she's on top of it.

And in a snazzy new **hat!**

I've been **dead** underground for *too long!* Now to enjoy these borrowed nostrils and breathe some fresh air. The fresh air of **MYSTERY!**

EXIT

C-UBE did a good job! C-UBE will help solve **ultimate mysteries!**

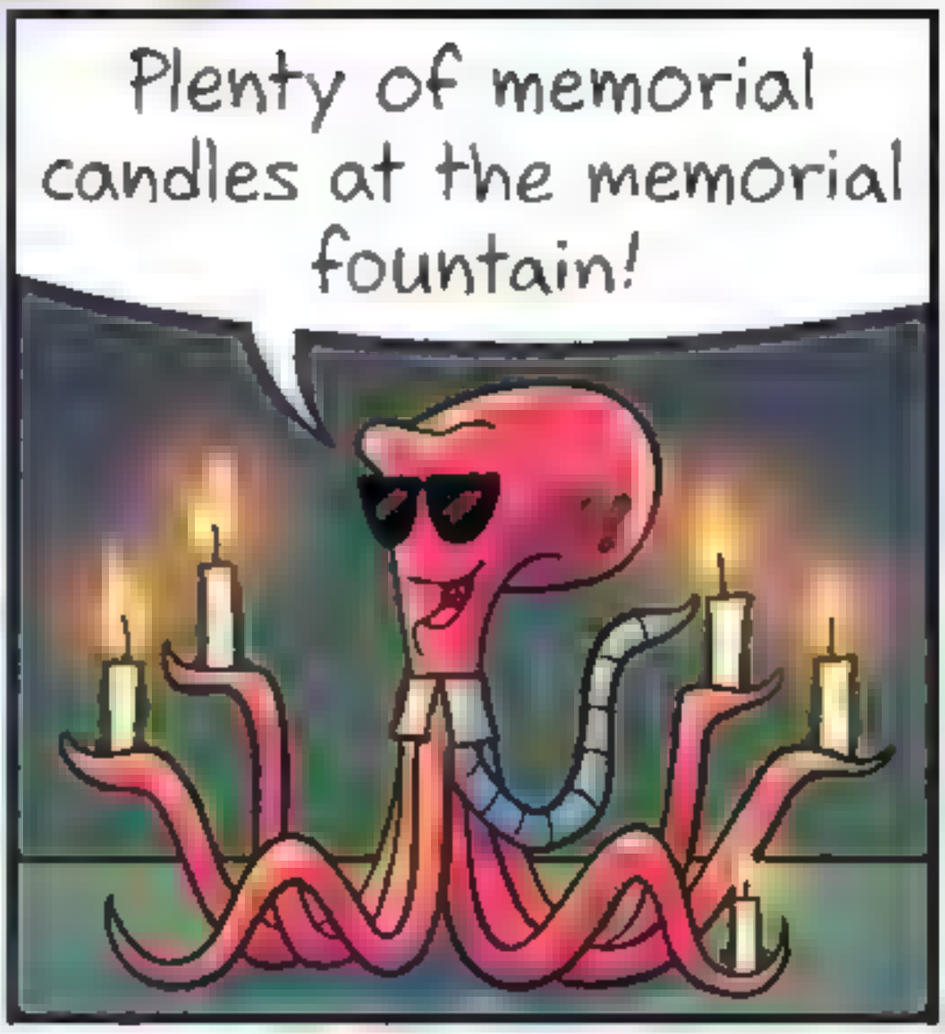
GOTCHA!

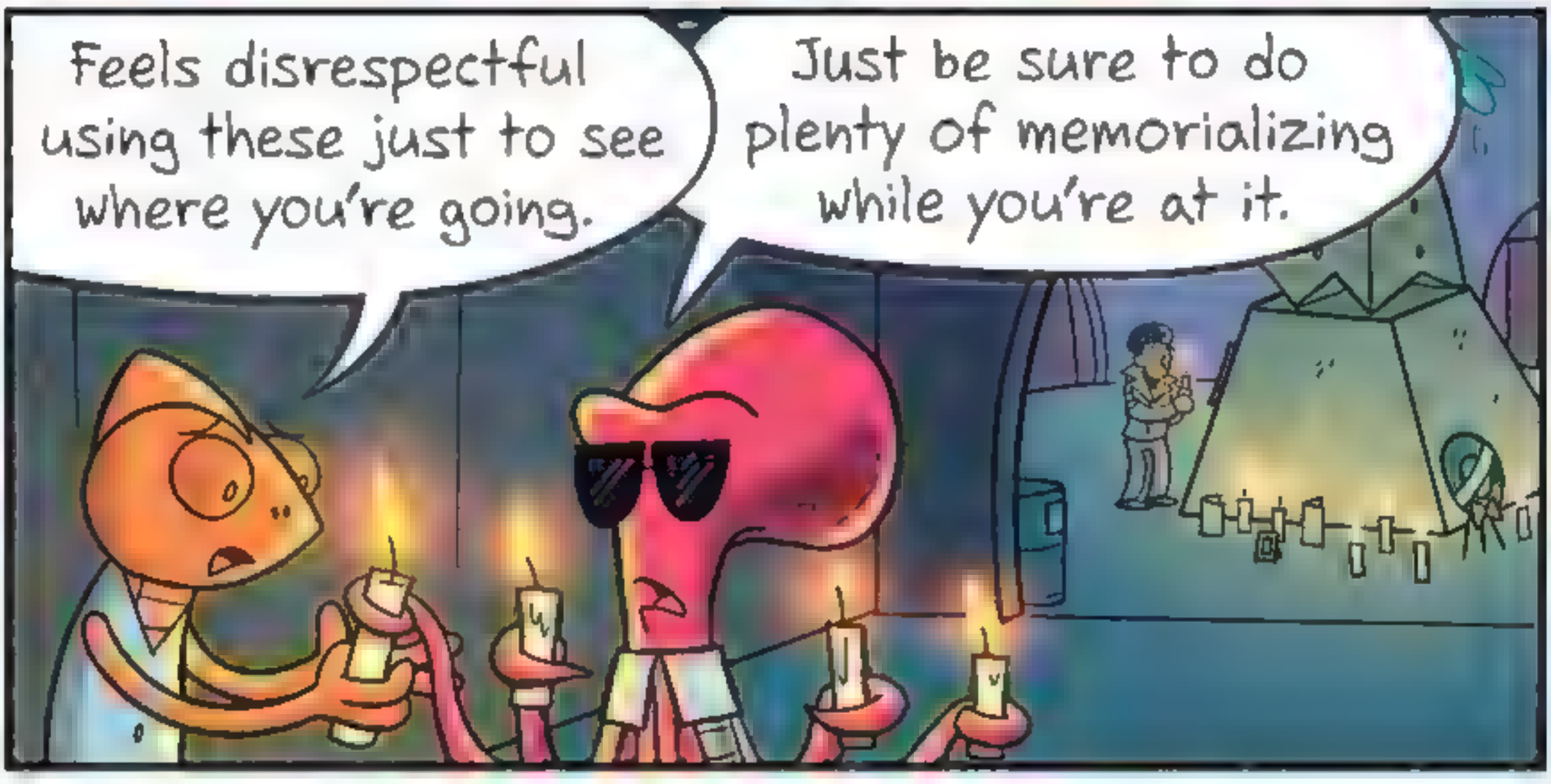
BEEP!

Loyal to the end. I'm sorry, C-UBE.

Chapter 5

I can't get my night-vision goggles out!
No need, Cilantro.


Plenty of memorial candles at the memorial fountain!


Feels disrespectful using these just to see where you're going.
Just be sure to do plenty of memorializing while you're at it.

Um... Here's to the fallen?

Cheers.

General Inspector! I've nabbed our **saboteur!**

C-UBE? You must be mistaken. He's Completely USELESS, not UNTRUSTWORTHY.

I appreciate the enthusiasm, but I'll wait for Monocle's expert analysis on the cause of our **computer crisis.**

That's just it! Monocle *TOLD* C-UBE to fry the mainframe!

Wha—?!

Monocle is the General Inspector.

No. *I* am.

Tract is.

Did you say "tractors"?

Of *COURSE* you're thinking of **tractors.** You spent your whole life at the farm base that looney **G.I. Tract** started up.

What's Zeb doing with C-UBE?

This could be *exactly* what Monocle warned me about, but I can't hear anything from here!

I have to be careful that Zeb doesn't notice me following him...

Is anyone missing a candle? This one seems to be lost!

SHH! I'm not lost! I'm, *uh*... **Major Waxy Wickstick!**

ULP! Thank you for your service helping us see right now, Major.

But I *found* those bones in the farm base! I *saw* C-UBE tear the mainframe apart! I *overheard* Monocle talking to someone sinister—

STAND DOWN, Junior Agent Zeb!

This is *too serious* for some cockamamie theory from a new recruit fresh off the farm!

I guess you're not so different from Milford after all. Just *follow orders* and *baa along* without question.

Well, *THIS* sheep is done being ***herded.*** I'll find the next clue and follow it all on my own! I'm going to the **Hall of Mysteries!**

Could somebody tell me how to get to the **Hall of Mysteries?**

The **Hall of Mysteries...** That's the info Monocle was downloading before the base shut down—

YOWCH!

This air is solid!

I'm not AIR! I'm a CHAMELEON!

Sorry, we didn't see you! We were getting hungry, and it looked like this **weenie-roasting candle** was free.

Ack! Lost Zeb again!

How hard can it be to keep an eye on a **periwinkle sheep?!**

D'aww, now I gotta eat this weenie *cold...*

I feel like I've been wandering this hall for hours...

Excuse me. I'm looking for a sheep who said he was going to the **Hall of Mysteries?**

Ah. *THIS* is the **Mysterious Hallway.** Totally different.
Ohhhhh...

Go back the way you came, then take the stairwell down on the left.

So what's the mystery behind *THIS* hallway?
Why is it even ***here?!***

Meanwhile, in SpaceS.U.I.T....

It looks like you're wolfing down an entire cow's workday of dairy there, **Inspector Vague**...

The power's out! I have to eat the **vanilla ice cream**, the **plain yogurt**, and the **extra-milk-flavored milk** before it all goes bad.

At least we can see in here thanks to the fact this **alien UFO** isn't connected to the S.U.I.T. mainframe.

Hall of Mysteries
A collection of all of S.U.I.T.'s greatest unsolved mysteries...
EL CHUPACABRA
MOTHMAN
Like why doesn't anybody's camera work whenever Bigfoot is around?
BIGFOOT

I believe he's just *NATURALLY* blurry!

AH!

Weren't you just...?

But who's to say? These are the mysteries that *wouldn't* be solved...

That *couldn't* be solved...

That *SHOULDN'T* be solved?

G.I. Tract was once ***obsessed*** with such a mystery: PROVING THE EXISTENCE OF ALIENS! It ***consumed*** him.

Tract eventually disappeared into the field, and aliens never returned. Until *YOU* showed up and proved they're real after all!

JAB!

Tract must have spent years trying to solve his **ULTIMATE MYSTERY,** and you did it in like a weekend!

Just doing my job...

You still lookin' for that sheep?

YES!

Yep, he was here. Takin' **notes,** just like you.

But weren't you in the *other* hall...

Maybe he's gonna try to make a name for himself and solve all these mysteries—

EASTER ISLAND

VALENTINE'S DAY PENINSULA

To *PROVE* he has what it takes to be an agent! Of course!

Whatever the reason, he seemed mighty interested in **Loch Ness** to start!

I'll use my **spaceship** to beat him there! It's not controlled by the S.U.I.T. mainframe like my V.E.S.T. gadgets, so it'll be online.

I have no idea how Zeb plans to travel to **Scotland,** though—

SpaceS.U.I.T.

Inspector Vague...

Where is my UFO?

Hm...

Probably somewhere else.

Every other S.U.I.T. vehicle connected to the mainframe has been *disabled*.

Unless they run on **HOT AIR**, these rides won't budge!

Argh! Zeb must have snagged it!

Wait.

Budge.
Budget.

BADGERS.

Chapter 6

Video games sure make flying one of these seem a *LOT* easier than it really is!

Where's the "undo upside down" button?!

BOOP!

Phew! Now where's upside up? Or take off? Vertical mode? Fly? Pretend to be a bird button?

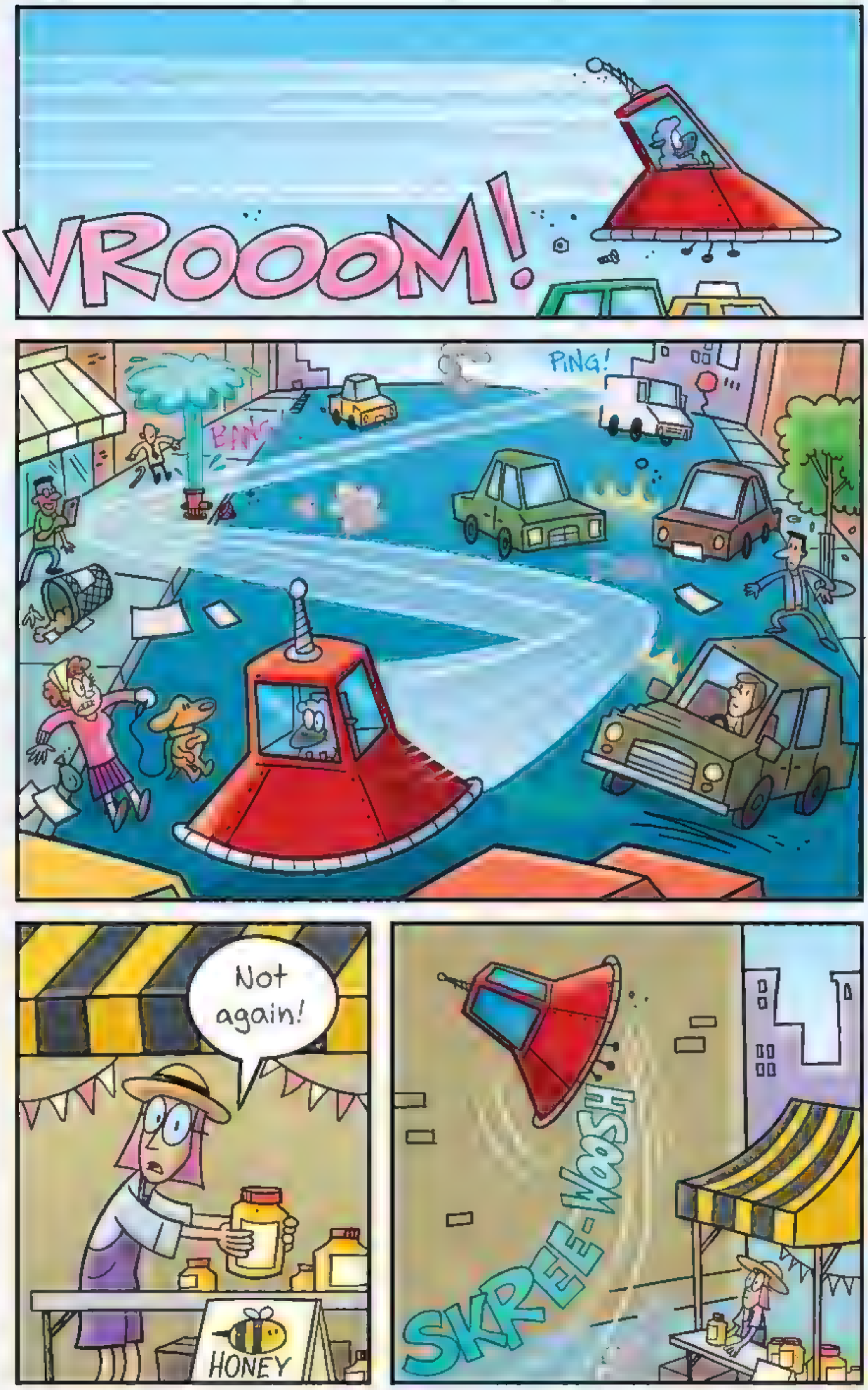
HOOOONNK

I don't know what planet you're from, buddy, but here, **green** means *GO!*

SORRY! SORRY!

BEEP HONK

I'm a **student driver!** Without a **teacher!** Or a **CAR!**


VROOOM!
PING!
PING!
Not again!
HONEY
SKREE-Woosh

Phew times two!

Maybe this UFO piloting thing *isn't* so tough...

Whoops!

BUMP

That was a close one—

I ***really*** need to find a way to sell this honey indoors.

KA-BURST!

A quick UFO crash course later...

Scotland.

EEP! Hope nobody minds a little **crop circle.**

A space sheep!

You mean a **spaceship.**

I meant what I said.

Now all I have to do to find Monocle's trail is to crack the world's greatest **unsolved mysteries.**

Welcome to LOCH NESS

"A Ness place to live"

NESSIE

Starting with *THIS* one.

Easy.

Welcome to **Loch Ness,** laddie! Can we interest you in some Nessie-branded T-shirts, key chains, coffee mugs, books, posters, socks, ice-cream novelties, calendars, toys, bedsheets, or DVDs?

No, thank you.

I'm just here to solve the mystery of the Loch Ness Monster.

Oh! Well. Good luck with that.

I ♥ NESSIE

No sign of Monocle yet. Which means I must have beat her here...

LOCH NESS

Sure doesn't look like I'm the **first** to try to solve this mystery, though...

FIRST KNOWN DRAWING of the LOCH NESS MONSTER

"Loch Ness local swears elusive monster doesn't actually live in the long loch, but merely..."
ICE CREAM
"...likes to take baths there"?
That's odd.
And something looks not quite RIGHT about his drawing.
• FIRST KNOWN DRAWING of the LOCH NESS MONSTER

FIRST KNOWN DRAWING of the LOCH NESS MONSTER

It's not a drawing of Nessie! It's a **MAP!** That "eye" must be circling where the creature *ACTUALLY* hides.

OY! What are you doin'?!

Just, *um*, getting a different **perspective!**

Be glad I'm not doing this behind the **wheel** again...

There's the river! Just off the main lake—*I mean* lock—*I MEAN* **LOCH!**

Meanwhile...

LOCH NESS, HERE I COME!

Yeesh! I sure hope Zeb takes his time getting there...

Am I going to be the first person since that old-timer to witness Nessie in their actual home, a slightly smaller lake off the big one?!

MAP

Scratch the smaller lake.

MAP

Hello, Loch Ness Monster-sized cabin!

Still, I must be the first—GASP!

Monocle!

The *truth* of the Loch Ness Monster revealed. They exist! *AND* they live in a charming lochside cabin.

This **ULTIMATE MYSTERY** would be more **ULTIMATELY SATISFYING** if they were *HERE*, though.

They seem to have *skedaddled* in a real hurry.

Ah-HA! A **clue!**

Oh, it's been *ages* since I found a clue. Monocle, I have to thank you for lending me your ***nice grabby hands*** so I can get a grip on it!

Now, let's see... All I can make out is "cry"? Part of a longer message?

CRY

Did someone wish to make Nessie **cry**?

Is *that* why they're not home?

WHACK!

OoooOoooOOOouch!

If you're so interested in *crying*, G.I. Tract, let's see if I can *HELP!*

Monocle...is *possessed* by the **ghost** of G.I. Tract?!

THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!

Well...it explains *some* of it.

I think your test drive of my workstation *AND ME* is *OVER!*

BUT THIS **CASE** HAS ONLY BEGUN!

Just a few more *mystery visits* and my **business** on Earth will be *FINISHED!*

=HMPH= Back in **my** day, junior agents would be *honored* to work alongside the General Inspector!

We're working so close together we're ***overlapping!***

Don't worry, Monocle. Even if the ***rest*** of S.U.I.T. won't believe what's happened to you, ***I'm*** on the trail to help.

It looked like they were headed **southwest...**

I've written down every **unsolved mystery.** Which one could be southwest of here?

I'll have to figure it out on the way. NO TIME TO LOSE!

I *do* wonder where Nessie went off to, though...

Welcome to LOCH NE

"A Nes Pl

to

Chapter 7

Meanwhile, back at S.V.I.T. HQ...
SO WHAT if Monocle's gone missing!
I'm the one who runs this place! I should be able to fix this!
How hard can it be? I've put together sandwiches that were more complicated!
That's a spicy sandwich.
BZZZZZZT

General Inspector...
Inspector Vague.
I might know a thing or two about what to do here.
Really?
I may even know three or FOUR things.
Will you tell me?!
Possibly.
GAAAAH! WHY ARE YOU SO VAGUE?!
Am I?

There it is... The lost city of **Atlantis.**

Finally found, thanks to my expert analysis of all the overlooked clues stashed inside of S.U.I.T.!

ATLANTIS

←BOATLANTIS
↑ATLANTA, GA
↖ATLANTIS MORISS-CITY

And yet, I don't exactly see your spirit rushing to *MOVE ON!* You found out the **Loch Ness Monster** is real. Now **Atlantis!**

How many **"ultimate mysteries"** must we solve before your unsatisfied sleuth's soul is sated?

I don't know! It's not like I'm a **ghost** *expert!*

But there's SO MUCH MORE to find out here!

And if *THIS* discovery doesn't complete my "unfinished business" and open up the gates of the afterlife, then we move on to the *NEXT* mystery!

Hello? Anybody home?

Anybody who might be able to tell me how this city sank underwater in the first place?

Oof!

=BLUB!=

THUMP!

WAIT! Don't be afraid! There's nothing *fishy* going on here, I promise!

Or maybe they *LIKE* when something is *fishy*. Drat.

Meanwhile...

Bongo, I'm getting rather *famished* on this suddenly stationary submersible! Do you have any idea why *Maureen's* all pooped?

MAUREEN

No communication from S.U.I.T.! Everything's down.

But I *did* find a smattering of snacks.

Oh, GOODY!

Quite the opposite, I'm afraid. Close your eyes and pretend they're *avant-garde amuse-bouche?*

My imagination is ***nowhere near*** strong enough.

We may just need to learn to fish.

SPLOOSH

These **ultimate mysteries** sure are *SHY.*

But another **clue's** come loose! What do we have now?

"C-O-M-E-T"... Comet?

COME T

Is a **COMET** going to crash into the Earth?

And what would make a Loch Ness Monster **cry?**

These questions are as *thrilling* as they are *nonsensical!*

That's odd. I think I see MONOCLE out there.

You're just hungry.

What does that have to do with Monocle?

That **bowl** she flies around in could be full of soup. Or cereal. Or ice cream! It's only a *MIRAGE!*

Here. Look.

I see! It's a **hubcap.**

Why would you see a hubcap?!

Because I wish we had a **car** to get out of here! I'm sure the wheels, body, and rest of the *hallucination* will show up any second now.

The **Atlantic Ocean**... Tract must be seeking the secret sunken city of—

Wait, what's that?

CILANTRO, IT'S *US!* YOUR GOOD FRIENDS FROM WORK!

WE'RE NOT TOO PROUD TO BE RESCUED BY YOUR SPACESHIP AGAIN!

MAUREEN

Hi, **Bongo** and **Marsha**.

YOU'RE not Cilantro!

What have you done with her, you *flying fuzzball!?*

MAUREEN

I'm **Zeb**, a junior agent.

I had to *borrow* the UFO because the **ghost** of **G.I. Tract** has *possessed* Monocle, *sabotaged* S.U.I.T., and is now on some kind of ***international mystery tour.***

Could you help?

I SEE. *That* sounds plausible.

May I take a moment to confer with my colleague?

You and I have "borrowed" *plenty* of S.U.I.T. equipment...

...and *that* means it's ***STOLEN!***

But aren't you *tired* of floating along on this **scuttled junk?** There's *real working advanced technology* waiting for us!

Not to mention—

AH! Cilantro always kept good **snacks** on board!

Highly advanced snacks.

WE'LL JOIN YOUR QUEST! I hereby appoint you a new member of the **B-Team!**

B-Team?

For **BADGERS!**

And let's say... for **BAA-ing.**

We can leave the boat here. It's not going anywhere.

I just so happened to see Monocle moments ago. *THAT-A-WAY!*

We've got a lot of ground to cover and not a lot of pages! **Montage time!**

Chapter 8

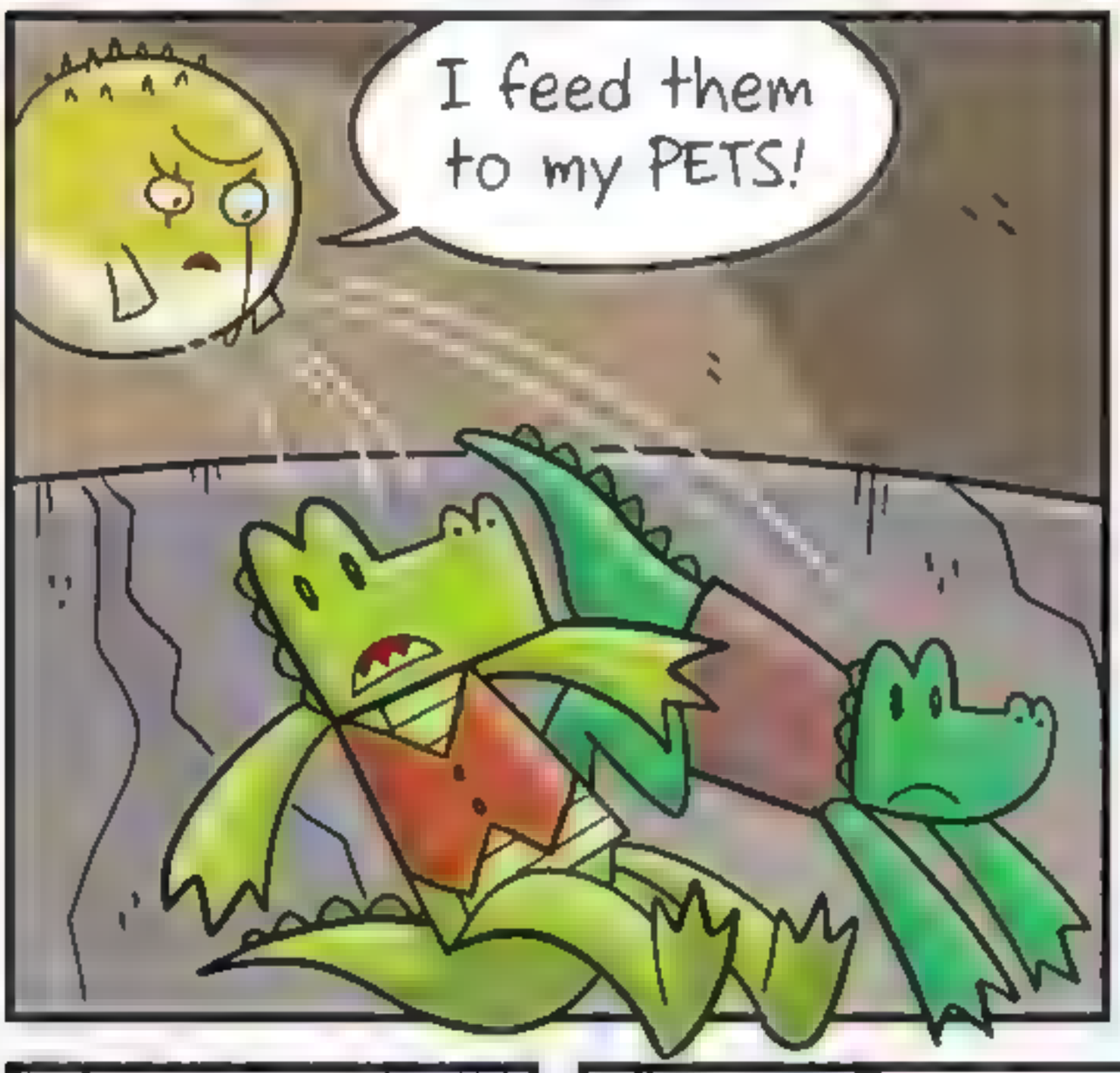
The B-Team sleuthed out mysteries...
EL DORADO
CITY OF GOLD
...to hunt down G.I. Tract!

They solved strange tales through history...
...but couldn't get on track!

Every cryptid they decrypted...
...was found first by G.I. Tract.

Each location seemed predicted...
I sure could use a SNACK!

Elsewhere...
Do you know what I like to do with SPIES?!


I feed them to my PETS!

YOUR PETS?!
SPLASH!

Uh-oh, Brash...

ALLIGATORS!!!

Astronaut ice cream, astronaut pizza, astronaut Thanksgiving dinner...

This hunt is getting *old*, Zeb. Monocle is ***too good*** at solving these mysteries! Everywhere we go, SHE'S already come and gone!

It's not **Monocle**. It's **G.I. Tract.**

Of course. The **ghost.** I *WANT* to believe.

We need a way to beat them to one of these.

Couldn't we use the UFO to track Monocle's location?

The UFO can do that?!

Why not? Monocle's floating workstation is *literally* another flying saucer.

And DONE. *There* she is.

The **B-Team** does it again.

See? You could learn a few things from us, **Z-Team**—*er,* **Z-Individual.**

With that trajectory, Monocle would probably investigate the **Flatlands Monster,** and then from there...

...the mystery of **MISERY MANOR!**

Miles away...

SPLOOSH!

Nice to see ya, Nessie.

You too, Neptuna. You weren't *followed*, were you?

Nobody tracks *this* gal upstream.

KNOCK KNOCK

What's the password?

Cryptidocon.

CREEAAKK

Chapter 9

This looks like the place...

FOR SALE CHEAP

FOR SALE MAKE OFFER!

HELP US

EXORCIST WANTED INQUIRE WITHIN

FOR ~~SALE~~ JUST TAKE IT!!!

More ghost hunters! Wonderful!

I'm *thrilled* so many people have arrived to solve the *ghastly mystery* of **Misery Manor.**

"More"?

You don't mean a woman in a floating **contact lens,** do you?

We were tracking her. We *KNOW* she isn't here yet.

He means me.

Cilantro! How'd *YOU* get here?!

YOU STOLE OUR BALLOON!

Not only has **Monocle** gone *rogue*, but so has **Cilantro!**

Zeb went rogue ***first!*** *He* stole *my* UFO!

And didn't you two steal a submarine houseboat?

Requisitioned a submarine houseboat...

How did you beat us here in a **hot-air balloon?!**

I knew that once you ran out of the more *FAMOUS* mysteries, you'd eventually show up at this **C-list** haunted house attraction.

HEY!

No offense. I'm on the **C-Team** myself.

Cilantro, even if you don't believe that the ghost of G.I. Tract has possessed Monocle—

WHAT?!

She *HAS* been zipping around the world instead of fixing the S.U.I.T. mainframe.

Hm, if that's true, something **strange** *might* be going on...

GASP!

My V.E.S.T. is working!

...Kind of.

SKKTCHCHHH

Agents, are you there?

Yes, General Inspector!

Communications are partially back on—SKKKRTCHH

I have SRKGH

very important SKRRTCHH

Before the power went SKRTTCHHH I was able to analyze the SKReleton you brought me!

It belonged to G.I. Tract!

Does that mean... Zeb has been telling the *TRUTH?*

Now why would a **haunted house** have a replica of a UFO outside—

MONOCLE!

Why are you wearing a general inspector's outfit?

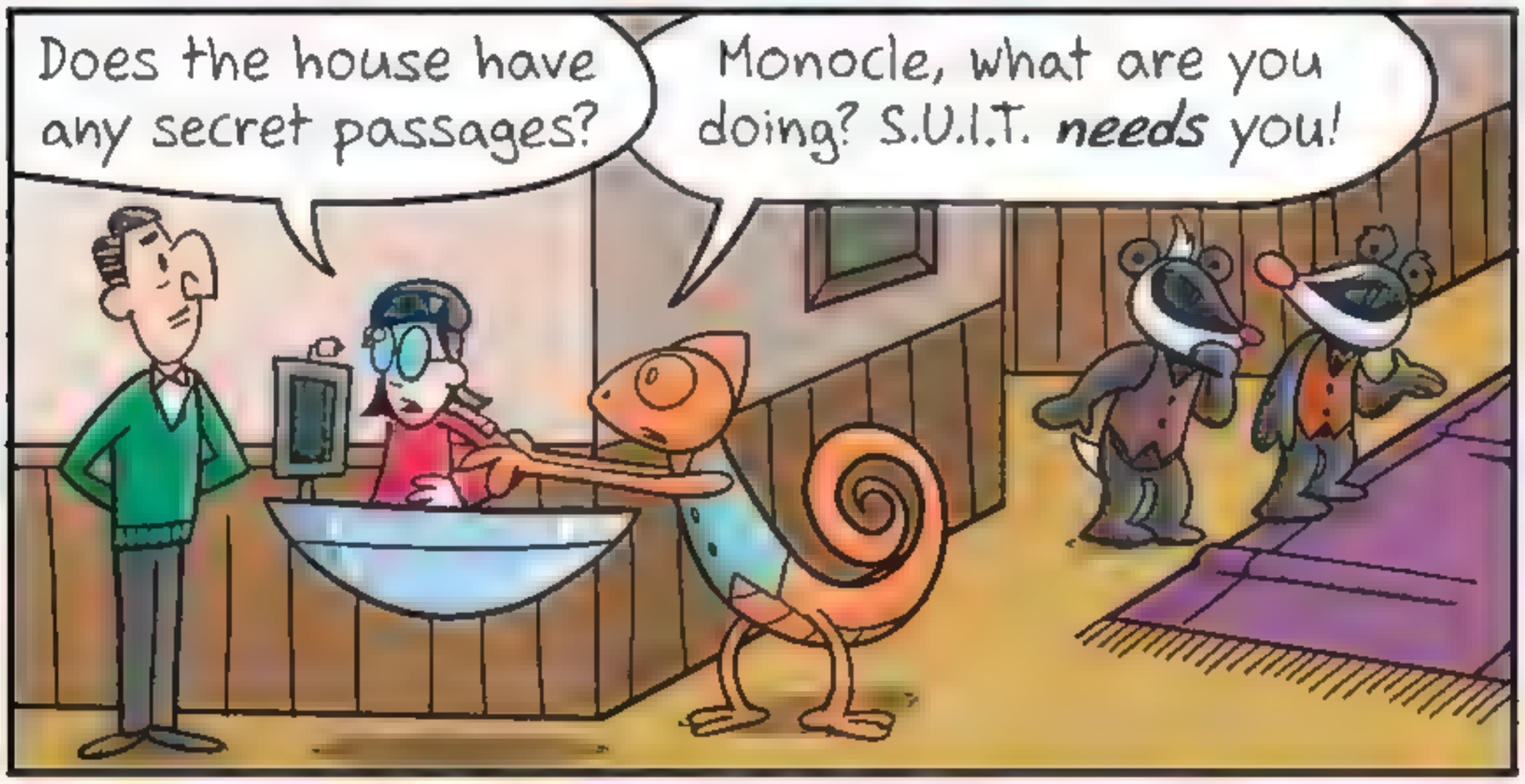
Uh... Halloween?

It's not Halloween.

But we *ARE* in a haunted house!

And I have a LOT of questions about it. I'm in a bit of a hurry.

Could you tell me when the disturbances began?
As far back as I can remember!


Does the house have any secret passages?
Monocle, what are you doing? S.U.I.T. needs you!

Or old photographs that change when you look away from them—

GOT YA!
Oof!

UNHAND ME!
If there's a ghost in there, you better get out now!
I sure hope that sheep hasn't gotten all woolly in the head, or we're going to be very embarrassed.
Cilantro, don't you see? This is all the work of a double agent deceiving you!
LET ME GO SO I CAN COMPLETE MY MISSION!
HELP US PIN HER DOWN, CILANTRO!
She might be acting strange, but she sure does look and sound like Monocle to me...
I just need a minute to think...

NO GHOST IS COMING OUT! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO AN **EXORCISM!**

I don't know how to exorcize a ghost!

DO *YOU?*

If I *did*, I wouldn't have to resort to inviting in folks like *you* who make such a *RUCKUS!*

CILANTRO, WHERE ARE YOU?! *HELP USSSSS!*

Oof! Some kind of invisible barrier?!

OUCH!

AH! Free from these **bumbling badgers!**

Yowch!

WATCH OUT!

WHAM!

I never *did* like exercise.

NOW do you believe me?

WE BELIEVE YOU!

WHAT DID YOU DO?! I wanted the house to get *LESS* haunted, not *MORE!*

Whoaaa...

What a weird dream.

Monocle, are you okay?

Cilantro! You were there!

And so were you, Zeb!

And you too, G.I. Tract—

That...wasn't a dream, was it?

This party's deader than *I* am!

No need to get the door! I'll leave through the WALL.

OOF!

SLAM!

When did everything get so **solid**?

NO! It's *me!* I've gone from **ethereal** to ***REALLY*** real!

QUICK! Bag the baddie again while he's talking to himself!

Heh. The **solo monologue.** A villain's greatest weakness. Why, I remember when—

BONGO! Stop ***blabbering*** and help me!

Right! Roll him up like a **PANINI!**

Not a panini. You mean—

A **HERO** sandwich, as we heroes are—

No, you're thinking of—

A **BURRITO!**

I would have also accepted "chicken salad wrap."

LET ME GO! I am the **General Inspector!**

Then *why* did you betray S.U.I.T.?!

What could solving all these mysteries *do* for you?

It's restoring my PURPOSE!

It's making me **STRONGER THAN EVER!**

I don't even need to borrow a **body** anymore! *OoooOoooo!*

Bustin' out of that rug makes me feel *good!*

I ain't afraid of no *ghost!*

Then *YOU* can hang out in this **haunted mansion!**

If only this happened ***after*** next week's "Apprehending Villains Once You've Actually Found Them" class.

I don't remember that in MY training...

OBVIOUSLY.

So the ghost ***was*** real...

And he's gotten strong enough to handle objects in the real world.

My **UFO!**

HE STOLE IT!

A hitchhiker ghost was bad enough, but a **hijacker ghost?**

He's burst our egos *AND* our beautiful balloon!

Now that Tract has your UFO, he's some kind of **SPACE GHOST!**

And he'll fly it coast to coast!

All while we're STRANDED here.

And *none* of you have figured out why this house is ***HAUNTED!***

Chapter 10

Thanks for coming after me, Cilantro.
Thank **Zeb!** I had no idea you weren't yourself.
I hate to say I told you so but...
Actually, NO! It feels **GREAT.** *I TOLD YOU SO!* Why didn't you listen to me?!
Sorry, Zeb! I was fooled by that **fiendish phantom!**
We have to put an ***end*** to that *EVIL APPARITION!*
Hold on. Tract isn't ***EVIL.*** He's just trying to...
Trying to...

I CAN'T REMEMBER! My brain's still *hazy* from ***hosting*** that ***ghost!***

Do you know anything that might get us back on Tract's trail?

I *can* tell you that those **cryptic instructions** on how to fix the farm base *didn't* come from Inspector Vague. That was **Tract!**

You mean it wasn't *OUR* boss but the ghost of our boss's former boss's boss's boss's boss who S.U.I.T. lost? ***THAT*** boss?

But WHY?

I CAN'T REMEMBER! Remember?

And I *definitely* can't count back that many bosses.

Tract took you to **Loch Ness, Atlantis, Stone Henge, El Dorado...**

That's right! He wanted to crack a list of inconclusive cases, but...

...we kept coming upon cleared out **cryptid** lairs!

Oh! And we collected **CLUES!** We put them all in...

...this bag!

What bag?

Oh... I can't recall what I—*er*—**Tract** did with the clues.

My memory just *jumps* back to the **farm base.**

Well, that's the last place you were *YOU* before Tract took over.

Yes... But...there's something else...

Cryptids on the move...

Bigfoot, loose?

BIG FOOTLOOSE!

Or Big*FOOTS* loose! An **ARMY** of Big*FEET!*

They're gathering to destroy the ***normal-sized shoe industry!***

The shoeless world will be *rife* with **BUNIONS** and **BLISTERS!**

NONE of **us** wear shoes.

And my **dogs** are ***BARKING!*** So let's go stop TRACT in his TRACKS!

I agree...

...with the last part.

We can't let this ghost gallivant the globe!

But we're a *MESS!*

I'm just a **rookie** that everyone second-guesses...

There's a *WEEK* of training spent warning agents not to imitate the **badgers** who ***BLOW UP*** everything!

We haven't blown up *ANYTHING*...

Today.

Cilantro, you were tricked pretty easily by our enemy!

Trust me, I'll suspect *everyone* is secretly possessed by a **maniacal ghost** from now on.

And *Monocle*...

I don't actually know the real you very well. You seem nice.

Ooh! I know! She's the only one who saw ***everything*** our enemy did...

But can't remember ***any of it!*** Quite frustrating!

Thanks, guys...

We ARE pretty flawed, *individually.*

But S.U.I.T.'s strength is in its **teams!** That's what the **T** stands for!!

And now the best way *this* team can work together is to...

SPLIT UP!

Huh? No! What?

Let's go!

Go *WHERE?!*

In different directions!

Ugh, you're just as helpful as Inspector Vague. Okay, then...

Monocle, get back to S.U.I.T. HQ and fix the mainframe.

No problem. I soldered every circuit in that CPU by hand.

We'll go see the **mystic** at the Séance Factory.

Miss Stick? Or Mrs. Tick?

Whichever **speaks** with **spirits!** They'll know how to find Tract.

And I'll get your V.E.S.T.s online so he won't wipe you out next time.

I have big doubts about the bigfeet, but there is *SOME* sort of **cryptic cryptid connection...**

And I know just the **conspiracy kook**—*er*—**EXPERT** to talk to. **Russel D. Russet!**

That tuber's my second-favorite streamer! Did you know he was right about an alien invasion one time?

YES! I WAS THERE!

Oh. He didn't mention you.

He thought I was one of the aliens.

HEY, TAXI!
You callin' me a taxi?
THE STICKS

No, I'm calling US a taxi.
You ain't a taxi! THIS is a taxi.
Yes, that's why we're here!

If you're already here, what do you need a taxi for?
WE'RE TRYING TO GET TO THE CITY!

Why didn't you say so? Hop in!
TAXI
FINALLY, we can leave this accursed place AND this confounding conversation!

Let's reconnect when our V.E.S.T.s work again!

TAXI

POP!

V.E.S.T.s, RIGHT! I'm going to the city, too!

But what about *ME?*

I guess it's my fault Tract could steal the UFO... I could try to get it back—

YOU find out why my *HOUSE* is *HAUNTED!!!*

YIPE!

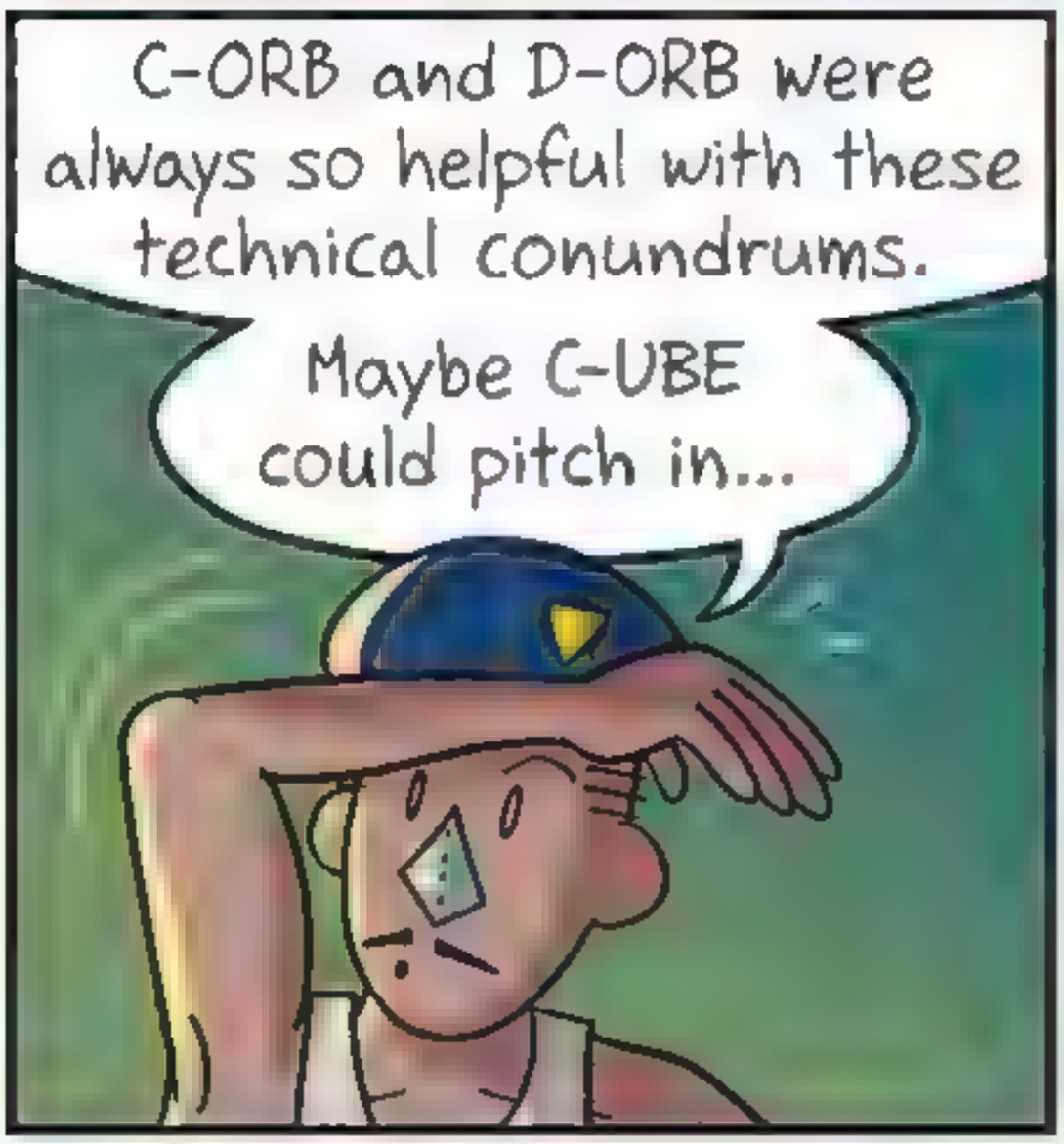
Sure! Yes! Investigating *this* haunting could build experience for our ***next*** encounter with Tract!

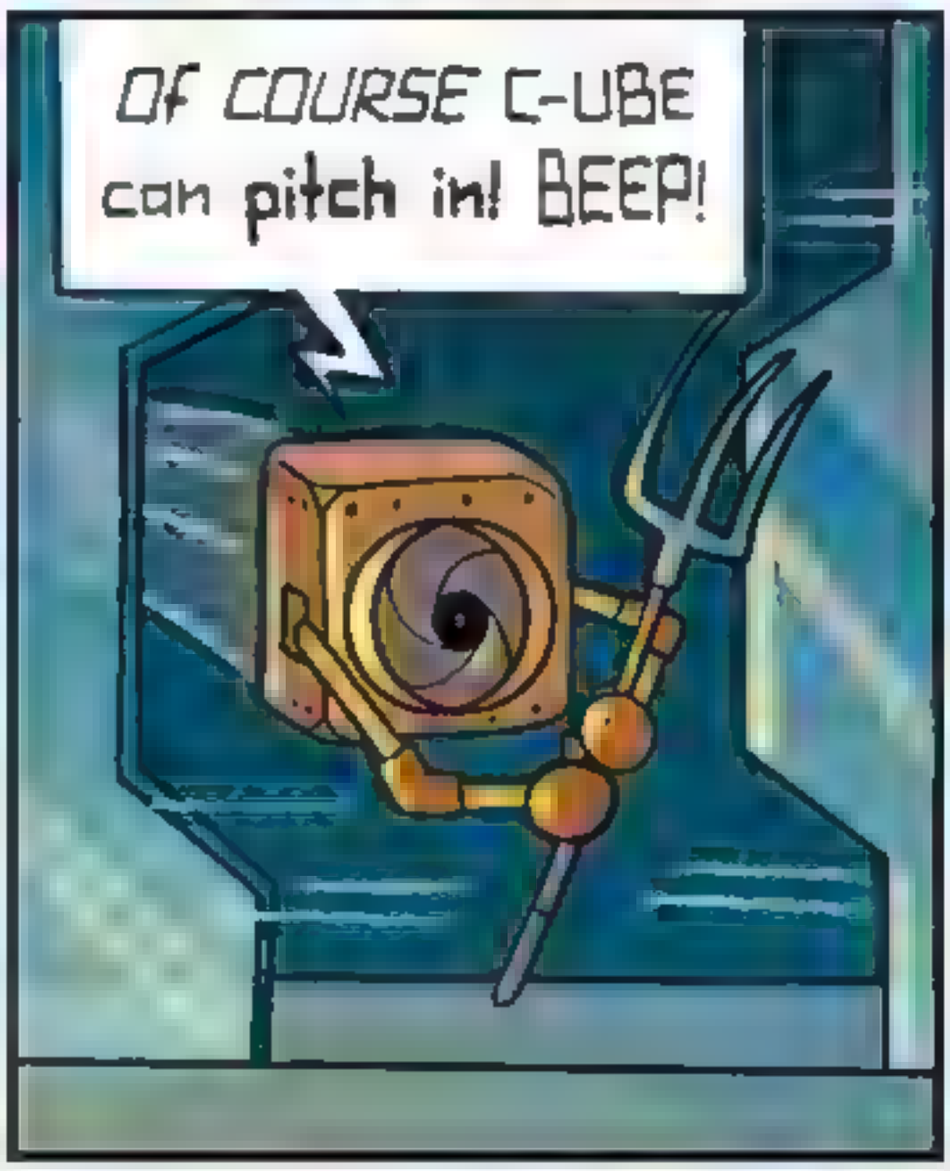
Yep. This is definitely **MY** decision and nobody else's.

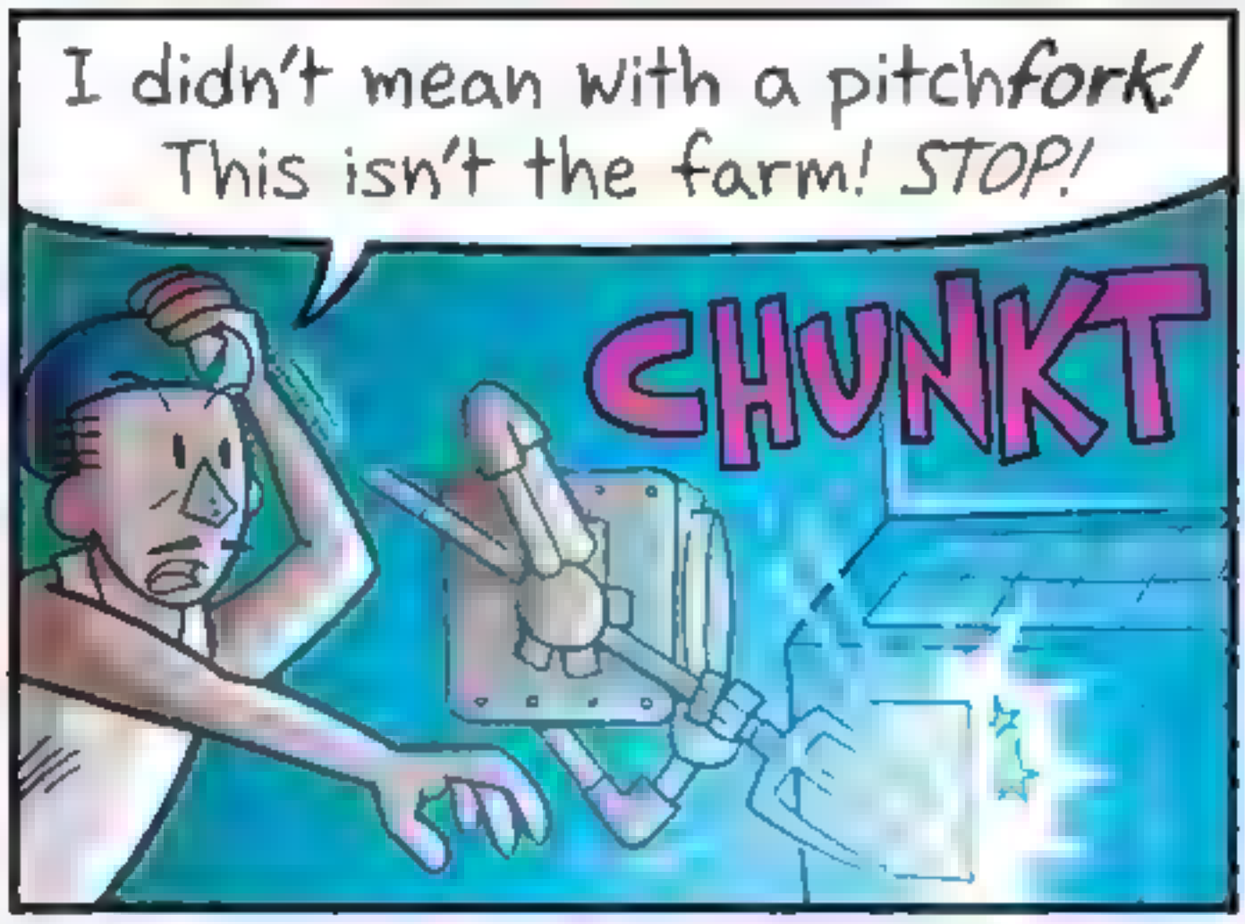
Let it go, you loquacious little lamb.

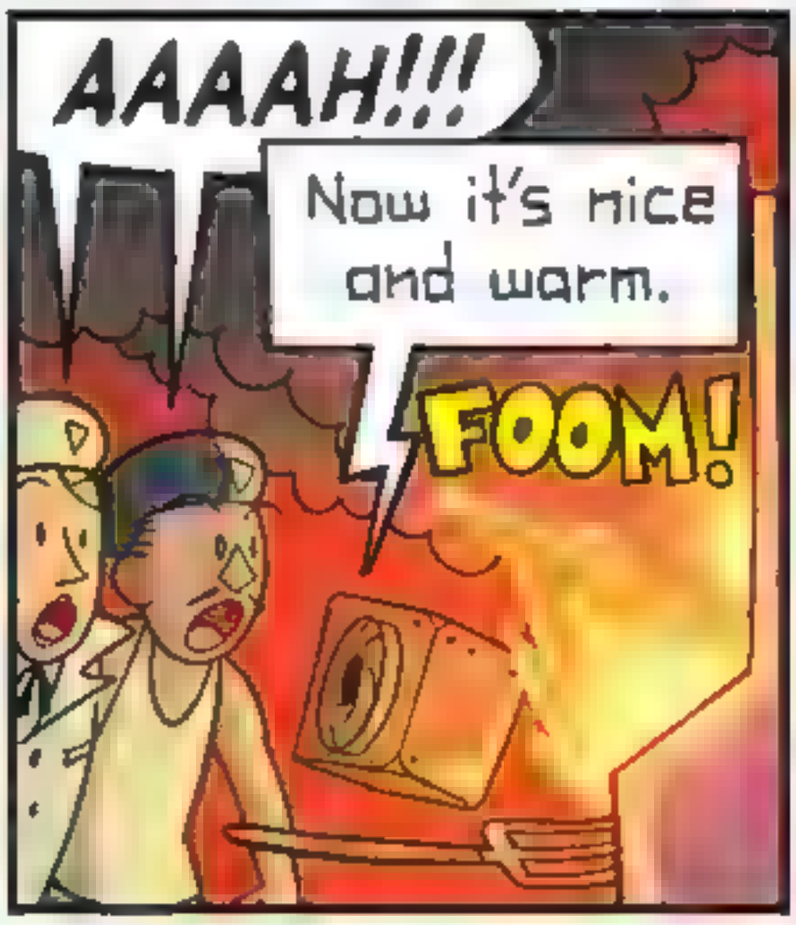
And once *THAT* is in place, the path should be illuminated.
What does that even mean?

I'm not actually sure...


C-ORB and D-ORB were always so helpful with these technical conundrums.
Maybe C-UBE could pitch in...


OF COURSE C-UBE can **pitch in!** BEEP!


I didn't mean with a pitch*fork*! This isn't the farm! *STOP!*
CHUNKT


AAAAH!!!
Now it's nice and warm.
FOOM!

If Monocle were here, then this would be as easy as A, B, C!

...U! B! E!

I! C! I...need a *fire extinguisher!*

Now *THIS* is a proper **weenie roast!**

You're welcome!

Well *DONE*, C-UBE, but I have something even *MORE* important for you.

This *vital* picture is missing its **color.** S.U.I.T. *NEEDS* someone to fill it in!

Can you do it, C-UBE? You just follow the numbers.

BEEP! YES!

That should keep him busy for a while...

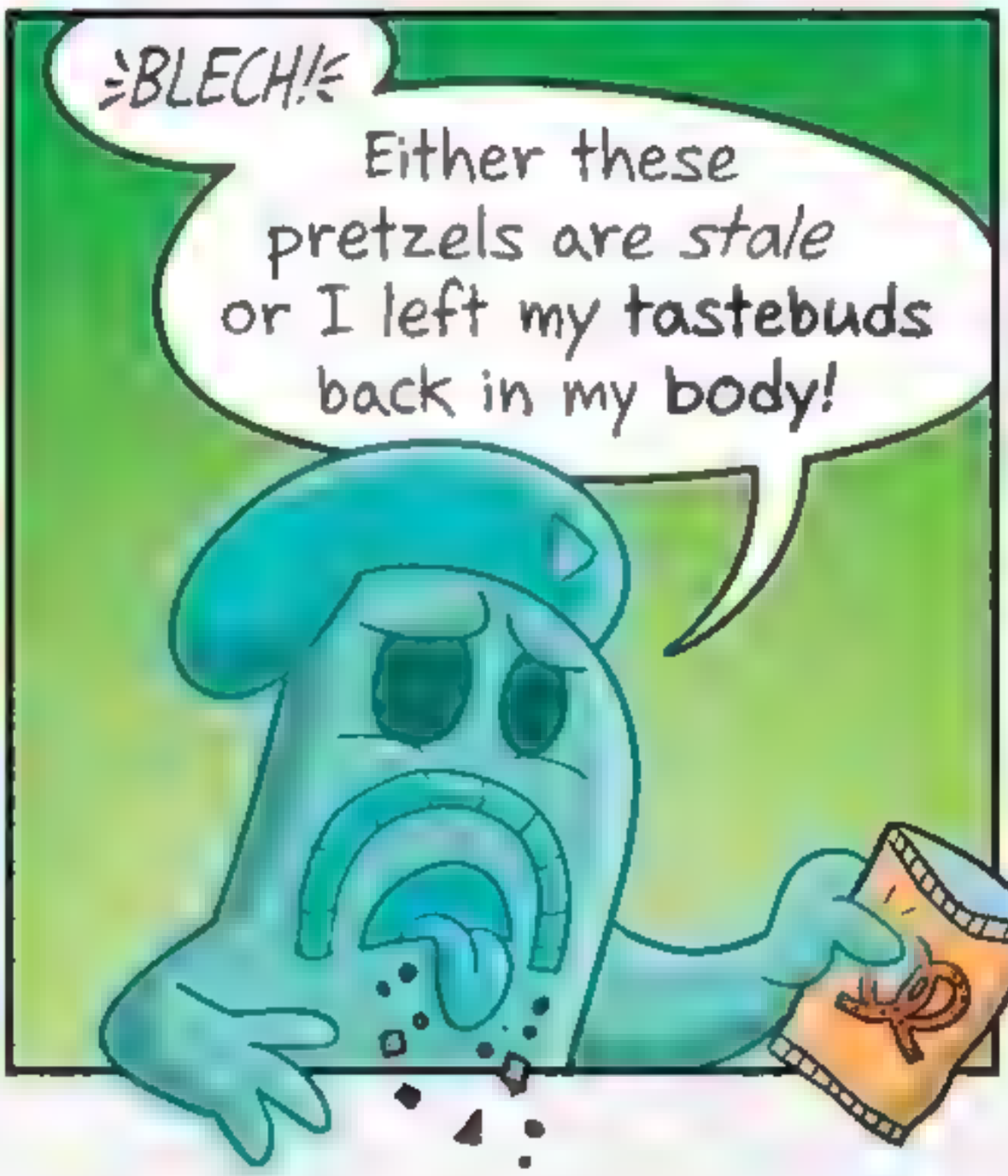
Chapter 11

SQUAWK!

Talk about a close encounter of the BIRD kind!
It's a bit trickier to pilot a UFO than it was to control Monocle...or her workstation!

But it's soooo much roomier!

Plus Snacks!


BLECH!
Either these pretzels are stale or I left my tastebuds back in my body!

Where to next? Let's check the baggie of clues...

OH NO! I left it with Monocle!

Good thing we scanned it all into the farm base computer before hitting up the haunted house!

If only those **irritating agents** hadn't chased me out!

Now I might *NEVER* find out if ghosts exist!

Oh *yeah*. Check.

But I still need the **next** piece of the puzzle...

Perhaps I'll find it at the *ONE PLACE* I know those agents can't follow me.

Well? Any luck finding the ghost of G.I. Tract?

SÉANCE FACTORY

I sense...he has left this earthly plane...

He left the UFO for a **PLANE?**

No, that's not—

Of *COURSE!* How many vehicles do **YOU** and **I** go through on a mission?

A **super sleuth** like Tract must go through them faster than a BOX OF TISSUES AT AN ONION-CHOPPING CONTEST!

What I mean is—

RIGHT! So he'll soon ditch that **plane** for the *NEXT* mode of transport! C'mon, Marsha!

Sigh...

What else is on?

C-K!

Meanwhile, pretty far from **ANY** earthly planes...

I never had the opportunity to explore the moon when I was **alive**...

But back then my body *DID* have that annoying need to **breathe oxygen.**

Now to finally determine the moon's **greatest mystery:** What type of **CHEESE** is it made of?!

WHAT?! It's not cheese at all?! Just **rocks** and **dirt!**

CRATE CRATE

Well, a mystery solved is a mystery solved.

Actually, astronauts figured out the moon's not made of cheese *AGES* ago!

NO! Yet *ANOTHER* mystery has slipped through my fingers!

Here's a mystery! How'd I get on this **JUNK MAIL** list?

I'm no mere MAN ON THE MOON... I'm the **MAESTRONAUT!**

An **invitation!** *That* must be what all the other pieces make...

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON: YOU ARE CRYPTICORDIALLY INVITED TO CRYPTIDOCON

And this isn't for the man *ON* the moon...

It's for the mysterious face that appears on the moon's surface... **The Man *IN* the Moon!**

Well, good luck talking to **HIM.** There's *NO SOUND* in space.

Well...then... how are we...?

I'm really good at reading lips.

Was there a letter inside of this?

I told you! It was **junk!** I tossed it!

But you kept the envelope.

I reuse them. No office supply stores up here!

What is **Cryptidocon?** *THAT* must be my **ultimate mystery!**

I haven't caught a **cryptid** yet, but I might get answers from the legend that lurks deep in the dank, dark woods of **Appalachia!**

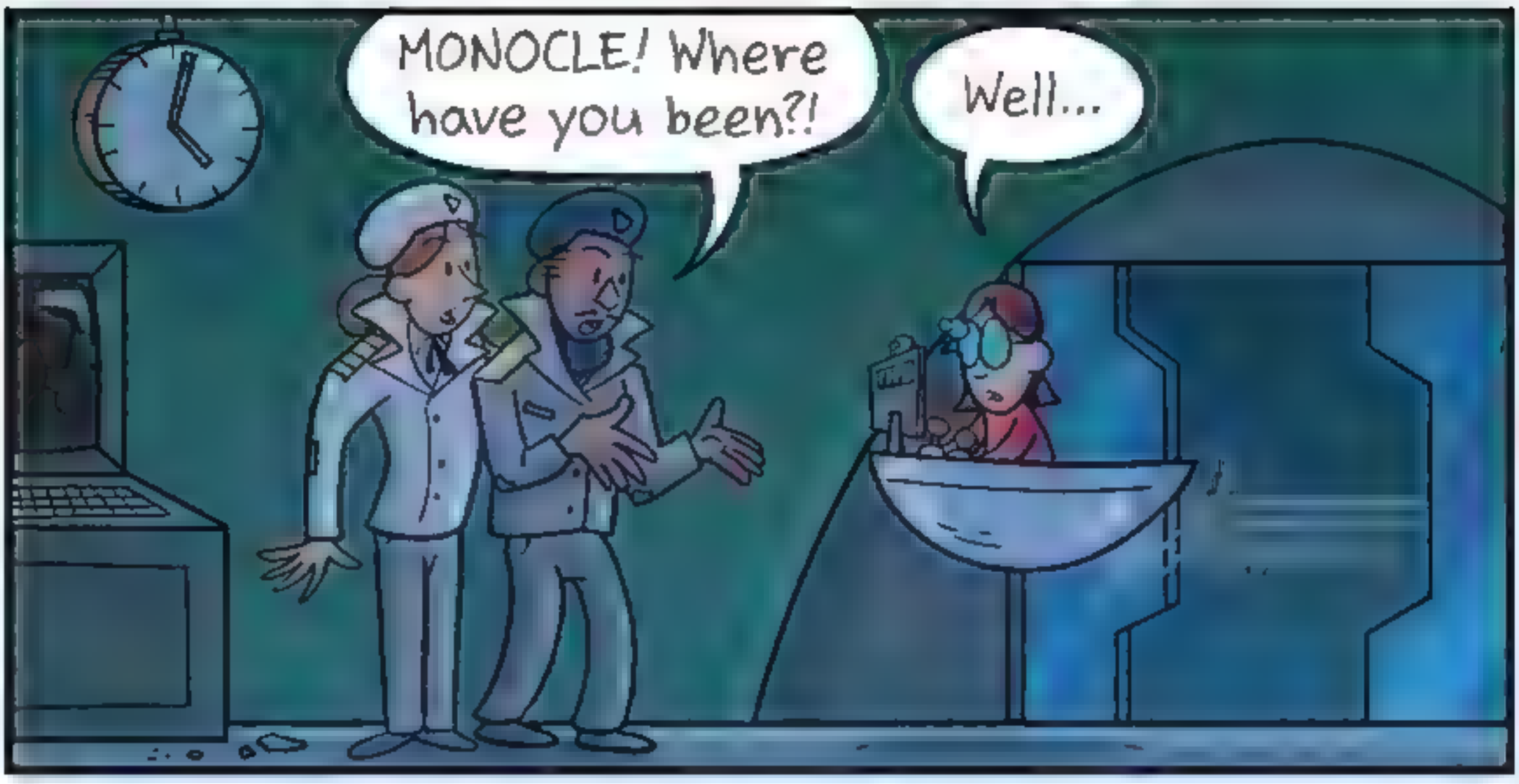
Hey, *uh*, could I get a lift? The moon has a big ant problem.

Sorry, I can't have a lot of little ants gumming up gears in my UFO.

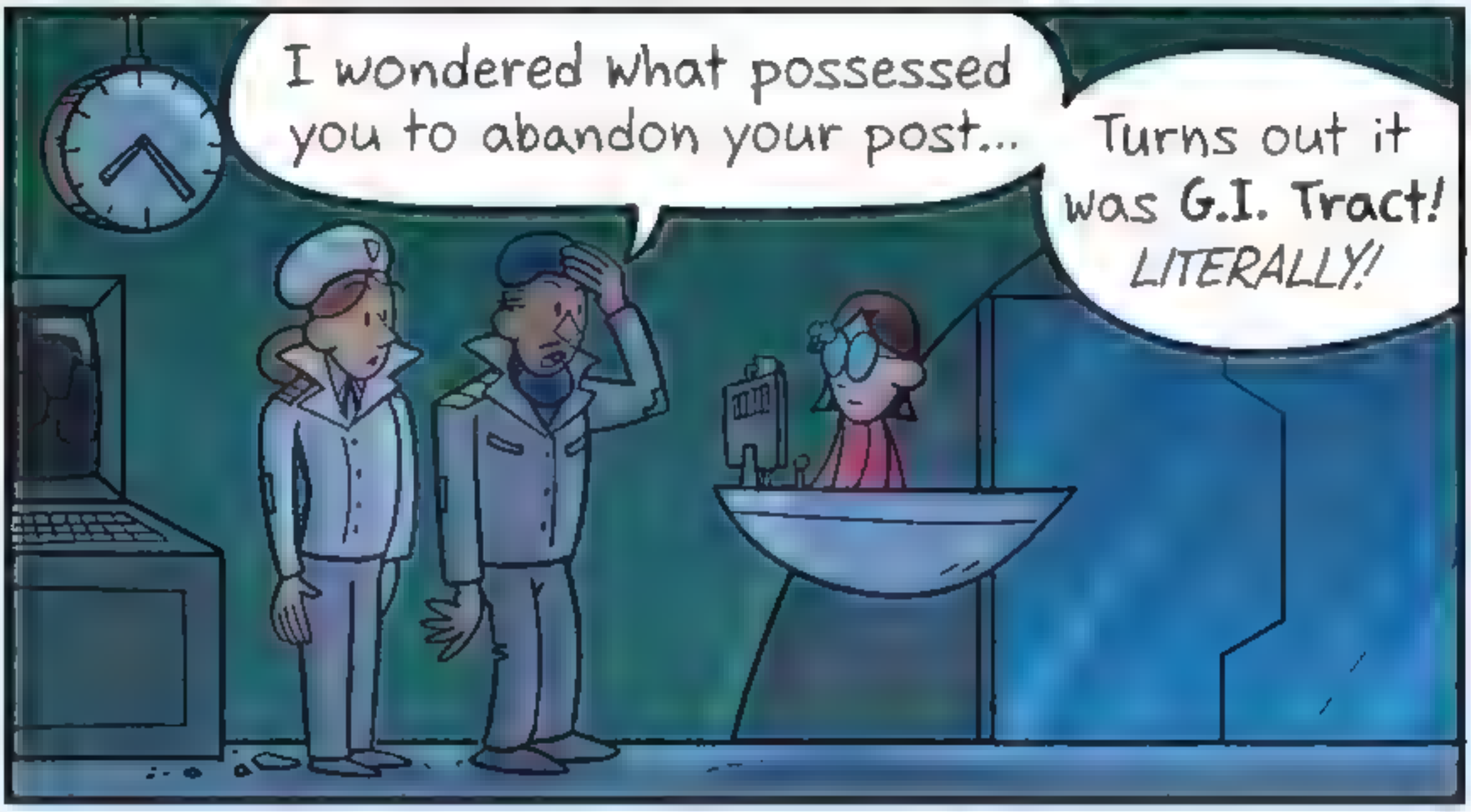
You misunderstand. I mean **BIG ANT** problem.

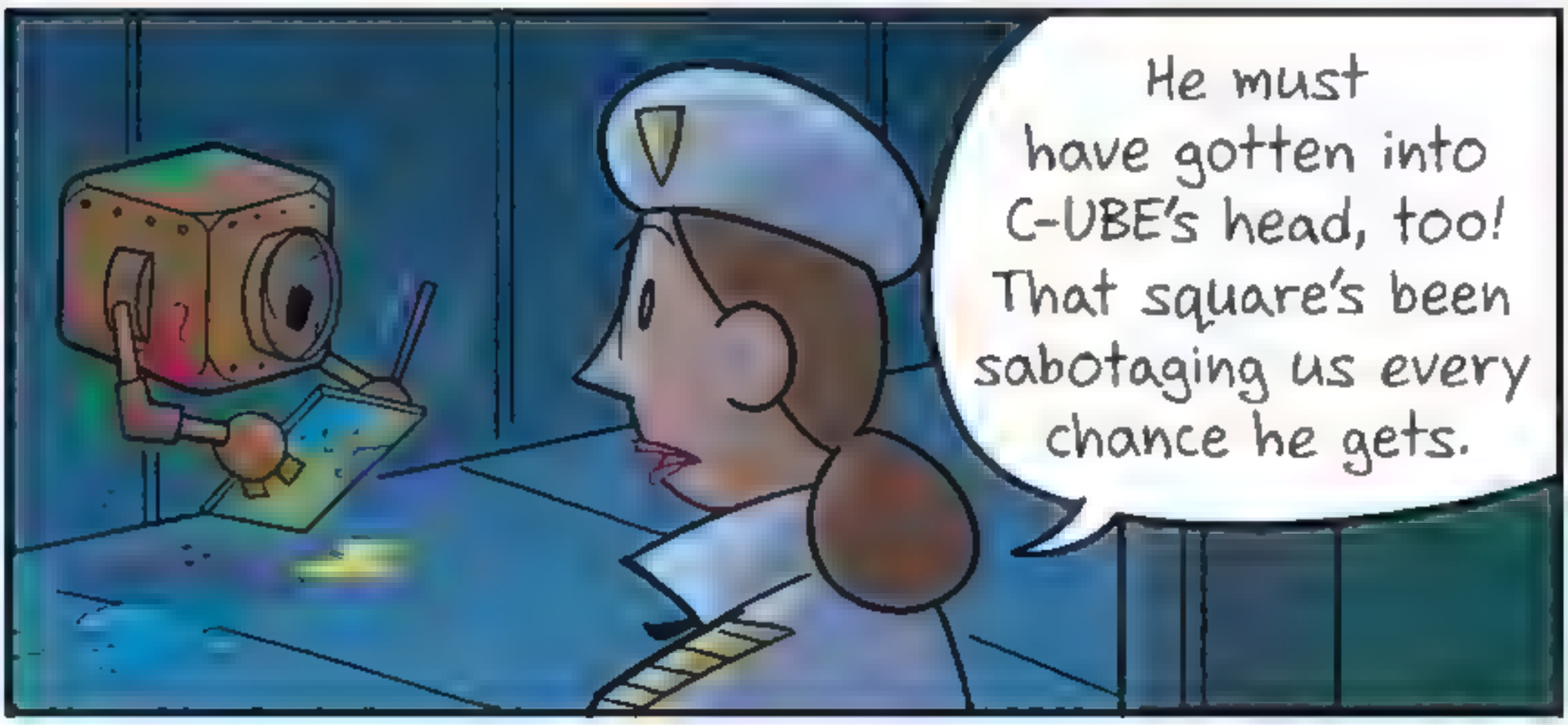
GIANT LUNAR ANTS? That's one mystery I *DON'T* want to solve!

I'm the General InSpectre...not the General **INSECTre!**



A SUMMARY OF PAGES 1 TO 124 LATER...





This looks worse than I expected! If only I knew *EXACTLY* what C-UBE did here...

General Inspector! Did I do a good job?

Uh, right, C-UBE! I am G.I. Tract.

You did *SUCH* a good job...

...I need you to do it again! But in **REVERSE!**

C-UBE... undo?

Yes! That!

Somewhere in the weird woods of West Wirwinia—I mean, West Virginia...

I'll find the final freak of folklore *somewhere* in this forest...

MOTHMAN! *THERE* YOU ARE!

Wait, you're not the **MOTHMAN**—

Mothman? Yeth, I am. I'm *covered* in **moth.**

OH! You're covered in **MOSS**. You're a **MOSS**man.

That'th what I thaid, **Mothman!** Don't make fun. I have a *lithp*. I'm thort of thenthitive about it.

Sorry. I'm looking for the...*other*...MOTHMAN.

Did somebody say **Mooseman?**

No, Mootheman.

You lookin' for me?

NO, John Wilkth Boothman!

A dead end. Must I haunt this world ***forever,*** having never found the cryptids? Or their "Cryptidocon"?

It thtinkth, huh? They won't let Mootheman, John Wilkth Boothman, or me know where it ith, either.

They thay we're not ***real*** cryptidth. We jutht *dreth* like 'em.

The **LOCATION!** That's *IT!* I may not know ***what*** Cryptidocon is yet, but I can *FIND* it with all the **clues!**

I'll use the farm base computer to put the scanned pieces together!

Chapter 12

*After many, **many** hours of unsuccessful ghost hunting...*

I don't think your house is *actually* haunted. It's just **old.**

The tourists say that, too. It's a **lousy attraction** because *NOTHING* happens when I *open the doors* to the public...

But *locked in alone*, the ghosts *WHOOSH* and *HISS!* It makes me ***faint!***

I should just sell this place, but I can't bear to **let go...**

I *DO* hear a hissing...

HISSSSSS

HERE'S the problem! A **gas leak!**

And could *this* be Monocle's missing bag of clues?!

Nope. Just a bag of nothing.

There they are! The gas must have been blowing the clues to the ceiling!

If only I had a V.E.S.T. to analyze them. Except Monocle doesn't have the S.U.I.T. mainframe back up—

But wait! TRACT had her fixing up the farm base...

So he could ANALYZE CLUES! *THAT'S* how I'll find that ghost!

You found a ghost? Then my house *IS* haunted!

NO! It's just a ***gas leak!*** Get out! Go on vacation! CALL THE GAS COMPANY!

I *knew* I forgot to change the batteries in my carbon monoxide detector...

What's up, tubers? This is ya boy **Russel D. Russet,** comin' atcha with a Conspiracy Connoisseur *EXCLUSIVE...*

...an *INTERVIEW* with an *ALIEN!*

PROXIMITY ALERT

*Uh...*knock knock?

R.D. RUSSET CONSPIRACIST

I *KNEW* you'd return, like a rushed sequel to a summer blockbuster! So tell us, *ALIEN*—what do you know about **ants** on the **moon?**

I'm *NOT* an **alien,** I'm a **chameleon**—OH, GIMME THAT!

GRAB!

Russel, I—*never thought I'd say this*—NEED YOUR HELP!

You're an—*ugh*—**EXPERT** on unexplained phenomena. What do you know about **CRYPTIDS?**

HA! What *DON'T* I know! Check out the collection.

Photos of **Bigfoot, Nessie,** even some **Jackalopes** and **Chupacabra,** *ALL* photographed in their natural habitats.

Cryptids in their natural habitats... which they've all *abandoned*...

Russel, have you ever seen any of them TOGETHER?

NO WAY! Cryptids are shy, *SOLITARY* creatures. All they want is **privacy.** Gives them more time for their passions!

Like carefully pinning up pictures and tying pretty red string.

It really *ties* the room together.

I got it out to be the backdrop for our video interview.

What INTERVIEW? Do you just stand by your door with a camera rolling waiting for someone to show up?

No, I saw your UFO flying overhead an hour ago.

UFO?! *GASP!* That ghost flew back to the farm base! I gotta go!

A **GHOST ALIEN?!** This changes *EVERYTHING!!!*

CILANTRO! I FOUND TRACT'S CLUES!

Zeb! You DID?!

I'm gonna analyze them at the farm base!

WAIT! Tract, he's—

=cough=
=cough=

Dang it, Zeb. You could have asked the bus not to *LEAVE ME* in the ***DUST!***

Elsewhere, where there are older and fouler things than **dust,** in the deep places of the world...

SKUNK APE! It's been ages!

Sasquatch! How are you doin', cousin? Keepin' it *blurry?*

You know it!

And you're keepin' it stinky, I see—er, **smell.**

Doin' what we can to keep the **people** away!

Well, there's no need to worry about that now.

We're getting *CLOSE.*

Is *that* what I think it is?

It is! And this batch is **DANGEROUS.**

ZEB! Tract is...

...flying off in my UFO again?

He was JUST HERE?!

S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.! Where's Tract going?

Oh, good, more agents!

What do you mean, *MORE* agents?

Well, for a long time nobody but Monocle had been coming back and forth, but she never stopped to chat...

And then there was this **GHOST!** I tried to scare him away, but honestly he scared *me* more than I scared *him*, and then—

Monocle! Ghost! Got it now, thanks!

We can piece together this puzzle inside!

None of *THIS* was **on** when I was last here...

Tract got Monocle to fix up a LOT more than I expected!

This is where I found the skeleton.

Tract was TRAPPED in here...until he ***STARVED!***

Same.

AAAAAAH!!!

AAAAAAH!!!!

How long have *YOU* been here?!

Just long enough to make the popcorn.

But HOW?!

There's a microwave.

No, ***HOW*** did you get here?

Ah! Happy to explain! You see...

Mrs. Tick told us Tract was on a **PLANE!**

No, that he *WASN'T* on a plane!

Oh, right! So we figured he must be on a **TRAIN!** We booked *REASONABLE* accommodations on the **Rural Express...**

BILL

...and soon found ourselves in an endless field of **GRAIN!** With no sign of Tract *OR* clues!

BOOT!

Then we thought... **TRACTOR CLUES!**

Hmm...
EAK
That looks FAMILIAR...
RUMMAGE
RUMMAGE
Ah-HA!
EAK
He's switched BACK to the UFO!
This proves that our theory that Tract was changing vehicles to throw us off his trail was correct!

CONFOUND IT! Looks like this game of cat and mouse will go into **overtime!**

Well, *I* say we take a timeout for *LUNCH.*

Oh, *FINALLY,* some **living** agents of S.U.I.T.—

Yes, let's see if this **FARM BASE** has a **farm-to-table** menu!

You must have been precisely **three minutes** behind us, judging by how long it took to microwave this popcorn.

I *GUESS* that makes sense?

Everyone, you gotta see this!

Check it out—

A **working computer!** Well done! I've missed technology so much. It's the little things...

Or the *BIG* things, in this hunk of machinery's case.

Uh, sure. But that's not all! Tract has *ALREADY* been analyzing the clues here!

CLK!

THAT'S why Monocle could only remember the **farm base** from her possession!

She and Tract had been coming *BACK* here this entire time!

But what in the digital dickins is a "Crypt-did-o-con"?!

Cryptidocon... like **DEFCON**?

DEFCON?

Short for "Defense Condition." A ranked system of preparation against a *MAJOR ATTACK*. You know, DEFCON , DEFCON **RED**, DEFCON PERIWINKLE...

How do you know that?!

Bongo. We are **SECRET AGENTS.** Why *DON'T* you know that?

I think it sounds like a **robot.** Or a **book.**

THAT's the Cryptinomicon.

But Marsha might be on to something...

Cryptids are shy, *SOLITARY* creatures. All they want is **privacy**...

Cryptidocon could be some sort of ultimate cryptid defense measure!

Yes! A **BIG ROBOT!**

Just like *I SAID.*

Something to keep them SECRET. Keep them SAFE.

And if *THIS* were complete, it would tell us *WHERE* it is!

THE COMPUTER CAN'T DETERMINE THE FINAL PIECE OF THE PUZZLE

I WOULDN'T WANT IT TO ANYWAY! IT IS UP TO ME TO SOLVE THE ULTIMATE MYSTERY THAT WILL PUT THIS OLD SLEUTH'S SOUL TO REST!

...AND BEFORE THOSE AGENTS CATCH UP!

Unfinished business. *That's* why Tract's doing this. He disabled S.U.I.T. so that *nobody else* could solve any mysteries.

And *THIS* is Tract's NEW **ultimate mystery.**

But if he uncovers some secret cryptid **DEFENSE SYSTEM,** it might make them *SET IT OFF!*

They would *DESTROY the PLANET* so that nobody ever bothers them *EVER AGAIN!*

He's going to the **Himalayas!**

I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET THIS LAST PIECE MYSELF. THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE CRYPTID LEFT I CAN THINK OF: THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN.

Chapter 13

YETI! I've found you! The LAST on my list!
Now TELL me the meaning of all your puzzles!

Huh?!
A GHOST?!

I gotta get outta here!

RIP!

NO! THE FINAL CLUE!

Gotcha!

Hm. The temperature is SUBZERO out here. Why did he have a COOLER?

We'll *NEVER* beat him to the Himalayas!

This is all our fault for getting banned from the trains!

I don't think a train could make it anyway. There's a **sea** in the way. **See?**

EARTH

Hmmm... And look at these arrows going over the globe. Are they all converging on the North Pole?

The North Pole? That's *hardly* an unsolved mystery.

We know what's there. **Santa's workshop!**

There's a small line here that looks incomplete.

If I draw the rest of it like *this*...

...they lead into the *center of the EARTH?!*

But how? It's just dirt and a hot molten core!

Not necessarily! There're rumors of long hidden **ancient caves** that go **all the way down**, filled with prehistoric plants that thrive on the lava heat!

What are you doing?! I don't remember us talking about that!

But it's something I *WOULD* say...

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

Prehistoric cave plants...

Or PINEAPPLES...

But how do we *get* there? Unless I'm mistaken, there isn't *ACTUALLY* a hole this size in the top of the planet.

That's true. I would have seen it from space.

We need to get to a *PIER!*

But all your *peers* are already here!

JUST FOLLOW US!

The final piece... This is an invitation to the *center of the planet!* The **EARTH** is **HOLLOW!**

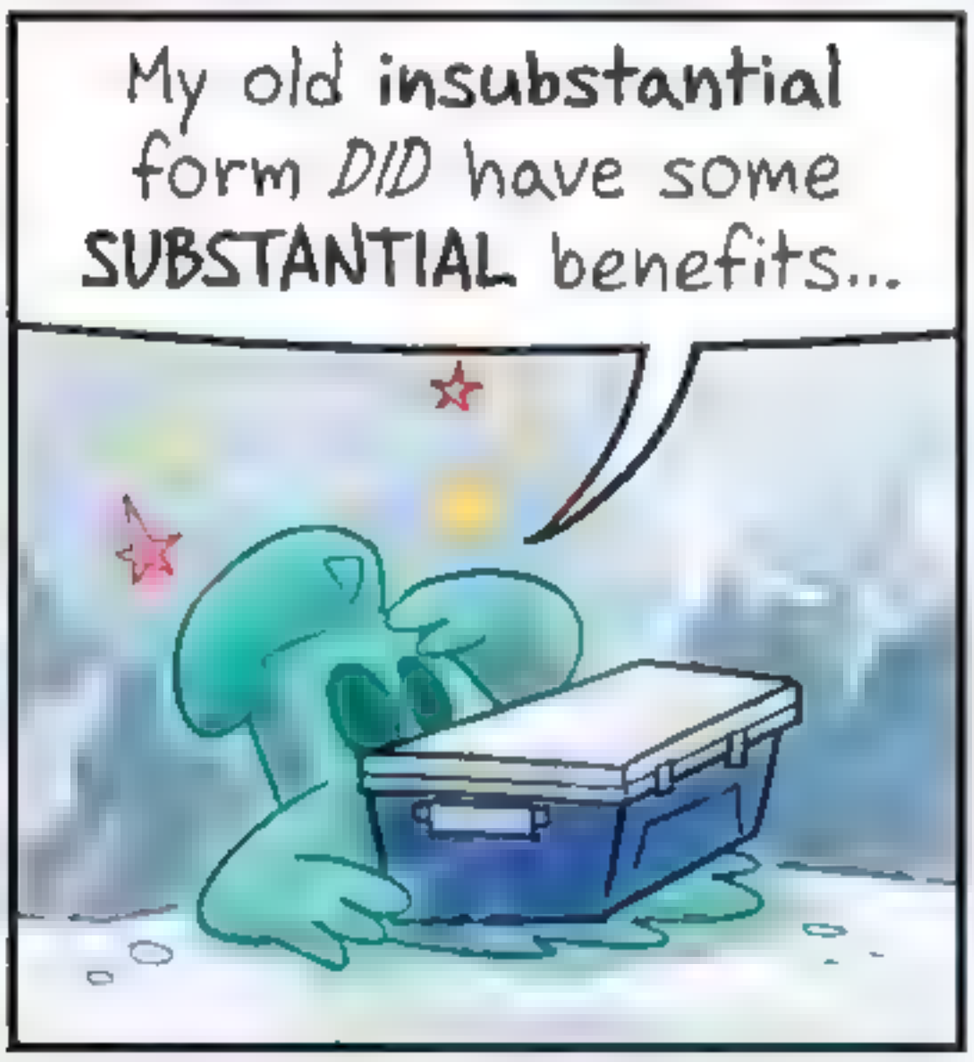
CENTER OF THE

Yeti tracks. *Yes.* Quite distinct from **Sasquatch** prints, **Bigfoot** prints, **medium** foot prints...

And I bet that cave goes *VERY* deep.

STOP FOLLOWING ME, GHOST!

YOWCH!


My old **insubstantial** form *DID* have some **SUBSTANTIAL** benefits...

You don't have to be afraid! I won't haunt you for long!

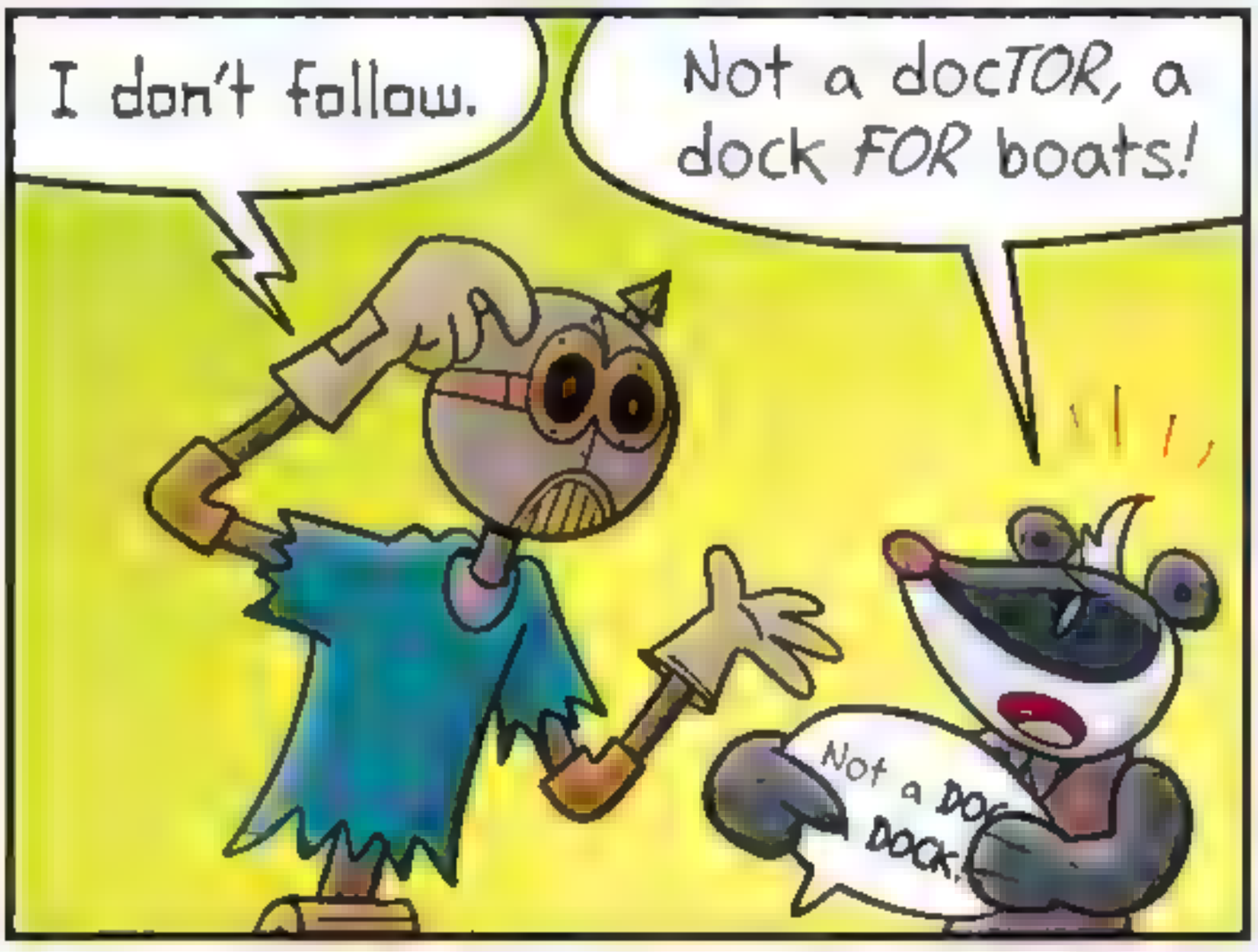
No, I don't know if you're ALLOWED to follow me!

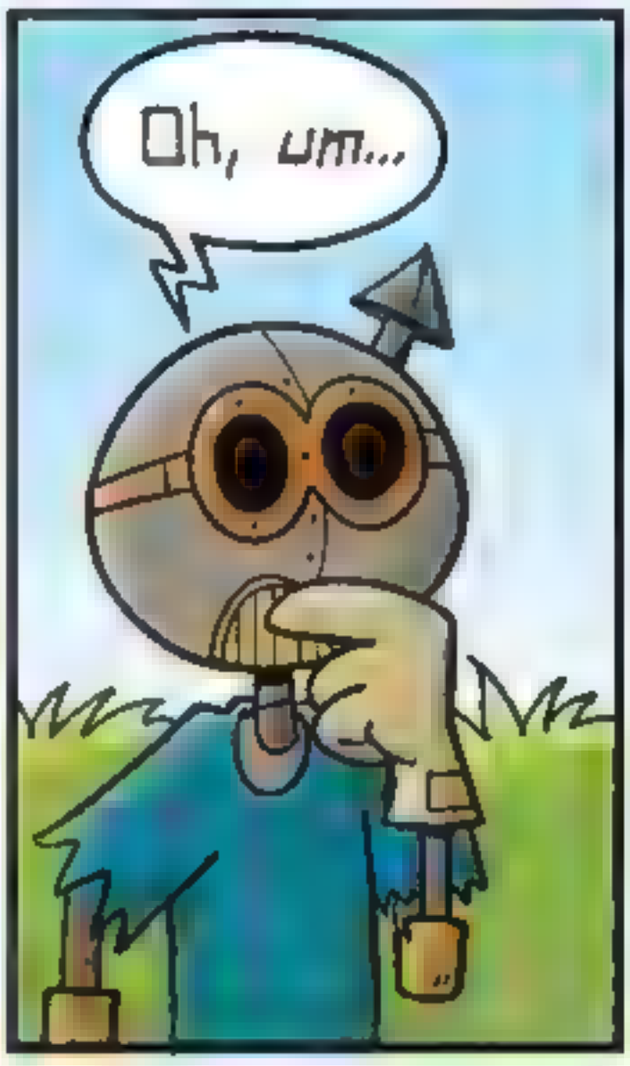
Allowed...?

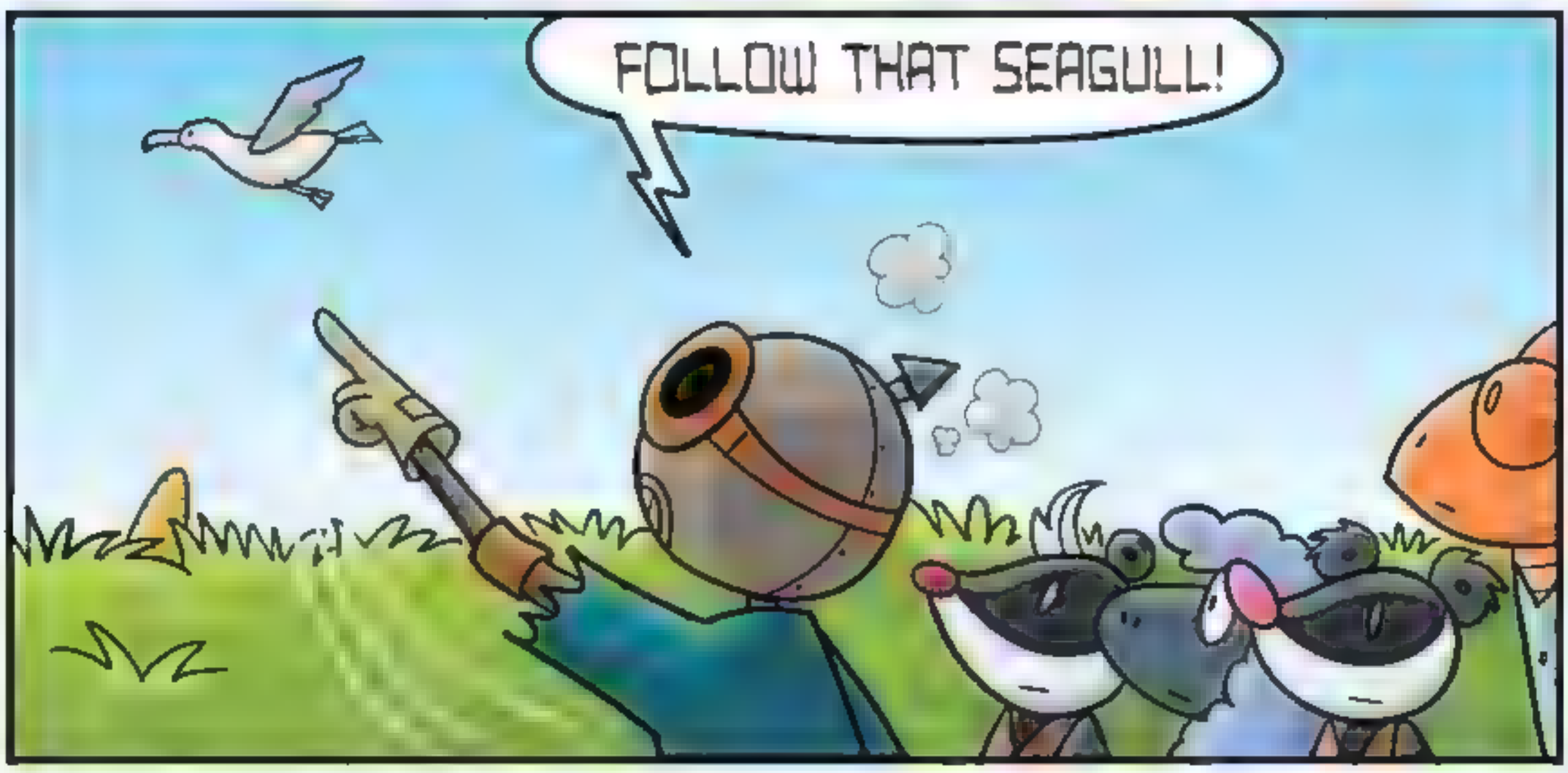
Chapter 14

Beanpole! Where's the nearest dock?

What kind do you need? A podiatrist? Psychiatrist? Allergist? Anesthesiologist?
Not a DOC, a DOCK!


I don't follow.
Not a docTOR, a dock FOR boats!
Not a DOC, a DOCK!

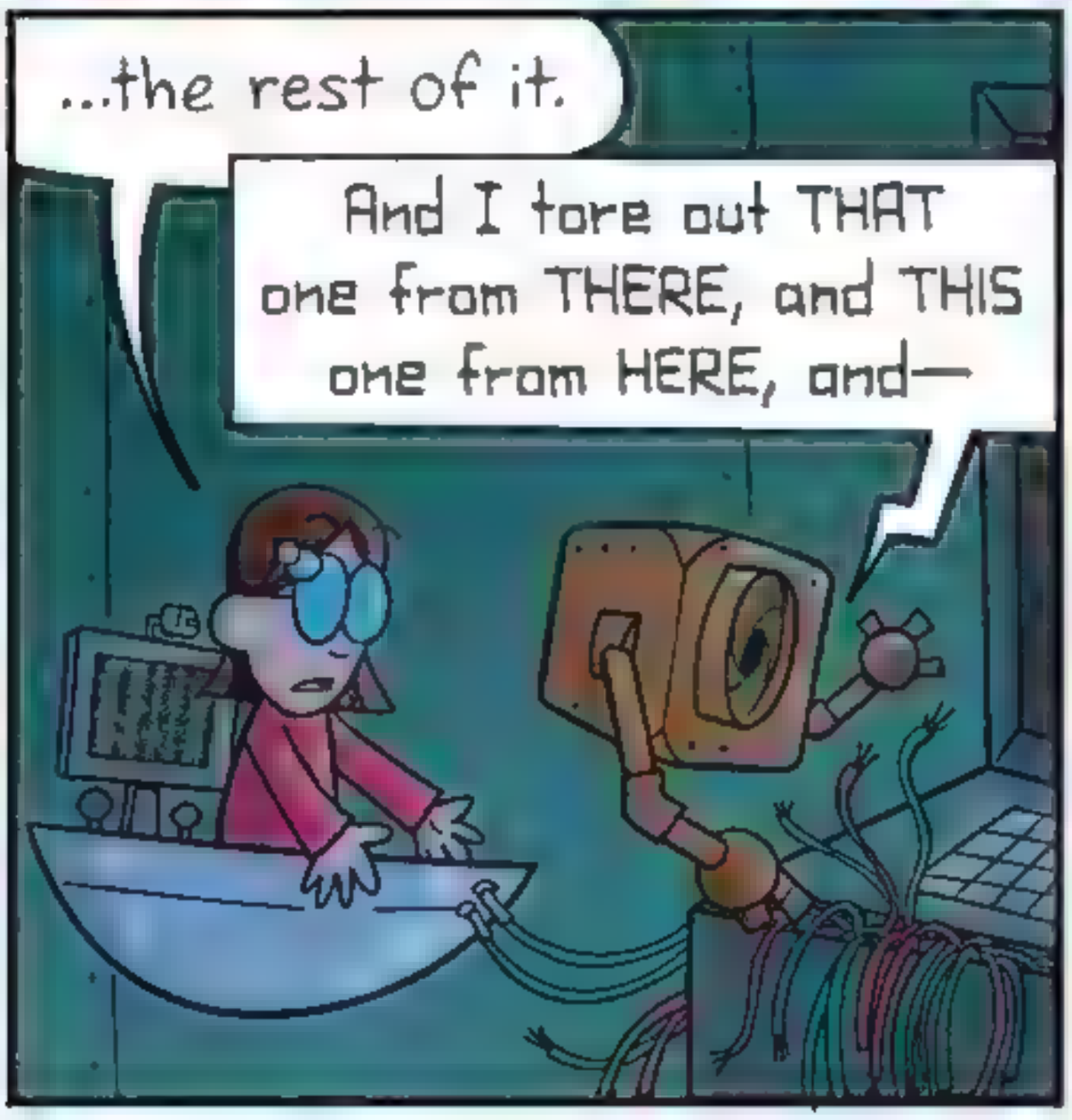

Oh, um...


FOLLOW THAT SEAGULL!

Do these V.E.S.T.s work yet?
We're gonna need them soon!

It's a good thing my workstation runs on its own network. Diagnostic scan says communications are almost restored...

Which only leaves...


...the rest of it.
And I tore out THAT one from THERE, and THIS one from HERE, and—

Monocle! =SKCH= Are you there? =CHSK= We need =KTCH=—
I'm trying, I'M TRYING!

This Arctic cave is like none I've ever seen...

These **prehistoric flowers** were thought to be *extinct!*

STINKAROONY!

Wait. No. That *STENCH* isn't from the **flowers.** It's the smell of the enigmatic **SKUNK APE.**

HE came this way, too.

And just in time for a bath!

No more need to follow my nose!

SPLASH!

Monocle, answer me! We need you!

BooOoop!

Drat!

We're almost there!

HEY! I've *HAD IT* with you ***weirdos*** following me. You ain't got nothin' better to do but chase a bird for **three pages?** This ends *HERE!*

OH! We were just trying to get to the **dock** there, so if you'll let us by—

NUH-UH.

But it's an ***emergency,*** see—

NO!

Gosh, you're much **larger** up close.

=SKTCH= Almost =TCHK= there...

That should do it! All right, C-UBE...

Hold on to your bolts!

CENTRAL POWER

SYSTEM RESTORED

SYSTEM RESTORED

SYSTEM RESTORED

General Inspector, I think we're back in business!

YES!

Attention, S.U.I.T. agents! All V.E.S.T.s are GO! Repeat, ***ALL V.E.S.T.S ARE GO!!!***

We weren't chasing after YOU, we just wanted to get to a DOCK.

And I'm tellin' you, I NEVER WENT TO MEDICAL SCHOOL!

BEEP!

Finally! Back online!

BEEP!

SQUAWK!

Now the navy's on my tailfeathers, too?! I'm OUTTA HERE!

FWOOSH!

The **SUBMAUREEN** is SHIPSHAPE once again!

All aboard for **Bora Bora!**

Good work, Monocle! You did it!

Beep! I helped the General Inspector!

And I'm glad you finally recognize *I'M* in charge, not that *dusty old ghost.*

Monocle is the General Inspector.

HA HA! Well, she'll need a few **promotions** to reach *MY* rank—

MONOCLE IS THE GENERAL INSPECTOR.

He thinks I'm still possessed by G.I. Tract.
Ah, uh...
You'd better play along.
Er...right, right!
YOU'RE the head of S.U.I.T....
HA! You've been de-MOE-ted!

BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB

The S.U.I.T. network is fixed! Everything good out there?
We're heading to the center of the Earth!
...Via Bora Bora!
A route that Bongo and I discovered!

This is *unBEElievable!*
Agent S.U.I.T.

On my way! I just remembered something ***very important.*** But don't wait for me...
...I'll catch up to you!

C'mon, C-UBE!

This mission isn't over!

It isn't?

No. We've *BOTH* had **Tract** inside our heads for *too long.*

I'm coming for you, Tract.

This just got **personal.**

FOOM!

Chapter 15

*Computerized Assistant Repeating Random Oral Terms

He means ME! **Inspector Pacific!**

Bongo! Marsha! You've finally returned ***SUBMAUREEN*** to me!

Ehhhhhhhhh...

Yes and no.

We have to **borrow** it a little while longer—so we can stop an ARMY OF BIGFOOTS FROM DESTROYING THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF NORMAL-SIZED SHOES!

That's *NOT* what we're doing...

Huh.

Well, I'm **breezy**! Just fill 'er up when you *DO* bring her back!

Hey, BEE! That **prehistoric cavern** where you found the **pungent pollen**... How far down does it go?

Oh, gosh! As far as we could tell, it goes *ALL* the way down!

To the **CENTER** of the **EARTH**! We *KNEW* it!

But can we get there *underwater?*

Oh, sure! Just make three lefts around these islets, then a right, and go directly under the waterfall. Ya can't miss it!

Here we go, chasing waterfalls again...

Zeb, do you know what we found in these caves last time we were here?

No, I'm still catching up...

Fortunately, most of the answers to a S.U.I.T. **pop quiz** are "Gee, I dunno"!

The same way I passed my driver's exam!

Let's just say you can thank **us** every time you're *NOT* in the mood for **pineapple.**

You battled a **GIANT PINEAPPLE MONSTER?**

No wonder you think Bigfoots stealing all the worlds' shoes sounds plausible.

Gulp! Looks like we found our way down.

And I do mean *WAAAAAY* down.

DANGER

GO BACK!

TURN AROUND

EVERYONE IN THE SUB! KEEP YOUR HANDS AND FEET INSIDE THE VEHICLE!

This is what we came for! *Brace yourselves!*

I'm hugging as tight as I can!

I said *BRACE* yourself, not *EMBRACE* yourself!

I know! I just really need a hug. I'm *scared!*

WHOAAAAAAAA!!!!
NOW LEAVING:
THE EARTH'S CRUST.
NEXT STOP: MANTLE

Did anyone notice...

...if GRAVITY...

...decided to *clock out* for the day?

MAUREEN

I think I might have noticed, yes.

Why did I **eat** so much on that train?! =HICCUP!=

I think I see G.I. Tract out there!

Can ghosts even swim?

I dunno.

This isn't the quiz!

I KNOW! It's just that I've only met the one ghost.

Swimming didn't come up.

Come up? =URP!=

Go down? Head sideways? I don't care, just **somebody** pick a direction and *STICK WITH IT!*

Did everyone see that sign?

CRYPTIDOCON THIS WAY

WELCOME CRYPTIDS

NOW LEAVING: THE EARTH'S MANTLE. NEXT STOP: CORE

I thought Cryptidocon sounded like a **weapon** or a **monster** or a **robot**...

Or a **BOOK**!

Those banners make me think Cryptidocon is *something else ENTIRELY!*

ZIP!

SPLOOSH

PLOOF!

Uhhhgggfff...

Yes, I concur.

Looks like gravity's back.

Chapter 16

THIS IS IT! The **center** of the **Earth!**

Did we make it in time?!

TRACT!

CRYPTIDOCON THIS WAY

Agents of S.U.I.T.

I won't let you scoop *MY* mystery again.

I was supposed to solve the mystery of **alien life!** It would have let me *move on!*

BUT *YOU* TOOK THAT FROM ME!!!

Do you want me to *apologize* for doing my ***JOB?***

No, I'm ***glad*** the organization I founded didn't turn out to be a bunch of ***slouches.***

BUT TAKE A DAY OFF, WOULD YA?

I'm *NOT* sharing the credit on this one! You won't solve the **ULTIMATE MYSTERY** before me!

Are you *sure* about that?

OH-HO! I see your Very Exciting Spy Technology is functioning again.

A **dust buster?** Really?

HA! You won't bust *THIS* ghost before I ***BUST*** through these ***DOORS***—

OOF!

I spent an entire life as a **solid** man. Why can't I get used to it NOW?

What are we waiting for?! GRAB HIM!
This is it... *FINALLY!* The **ULTIMATE MYSTERY!**

After revealing ***this*** to the world, I can ***rest.***

=GASP!=
What in the center of the WORLD is THIS?!
WELCOME CRYPTIDS
CHECK-IN
DOVER DEMON
PHOTOS $10
TAKE ONE

It's some sort of COMIC CONVENTION...
Or FLEA MARKET...
Or RENAISSANCE FAIRE...

Is *THIS* the **cryptid conspiracy?** Where's the plotting? The planning? The scheming? Where's the ***SUPER WEAPON?***

Excuse me, Loch Ness Monster?

"Excuse you" is **right!** She is ***NOT*** a monster! You won't find *ANYONE* nicer than NESSIE!
Ha ha ha! Same old blunt Bigfoot, after all these years. They should call you **SASSY-squatch!**

Yes. I'm Nessie, hi. And which cryptid are you? The **Punxsutawney Purple Sheep?**

Oh, just Zeb.

Since you're being so *friendly*, I'll just ask...

Are you all here to activate some sorta **doomsday device** to destroy the Earth?

WHAT? Why would *WE* want to blow up the Earth?

We *live* on the Earth!

Earth's my favorite planet.

WHAT is going on here?

Oh! A **GHOST!** I had no idea ghosts were *real!* Welcome!

I had my doubts *YOU* were real up until ten seconds ago.

That's okay. We believe in ***ourselves.***

And most of us didn't know about each other for a *VERY* long time!

But now with all the **TV specials,** the **social media...**

I should be getting residuals from all these Bigfoot hunter shows.

...and *this* and *that,* we all started to realize there are a ***LOT*** of us out there.

Hi, I'm **Mothman.**

No relation to **Mossman.**

Or **Mooseman.**

So you all moved to the center of the planet?

No, this is just the **centralized location** most convenient for all of us. We do come from *ALL OVER*, you know!

We just wanted to have a little get-together! The **CRYPTID CONVENTION!** Or Cryptidocon, for short.

A cryptiCONVENTION...? Not a cryptiCONSPIRACY?

But...the **statues**... it all seems like it's been here *FOREVER!*

Oh, the **Jersey Devil** is quite the sculptor. He got carried away. Can you blame him?

I guess Russel was right about the **hobbies**...

But how did you *FIND* this place?!

How'd you all know the **Earth** was *HOLLOW?*

The **Michigan Dogman** found a **river** leading here when he took a wrong turn on vacation.

He designed the **invitations,** too!

Graphic design is my passion.

Welcome CRYPTID visitors

DOGMAN! I've read all your comics!

Sorry, nope. *Different* dogman.

BEST SELLERS
- DOGMAN
- DOGMAN
- DOGMAN
- INVESTIGATORS
- AGENTS OF SUIT

I get that all the time. Lots of people have the same name.

Did you know there was a famous Bigfoot researcher named **John Green?**

Different guy!

Different guy than *WHO?!*

You haven't actually read what's on the **cover,** have you?

There's another **Chris Hastings** who writes cookbooks, too. And don't get me started on all the **Pat Lewises** out there!

ELECT AL LEWIS

PAT LEWIS

Grab some food, and I'll show you around!

Everyone brought something! Just watch out for **Stink Ape's spicy chili!** It's *DANGEROUS.*

It's SKUNK APE!

There are panel discussions...

Will the *REAL* **missing link** between ape and man raise their hand?

YETI

Sasquatch

SKUNK APE

Yowie

...live demonstrations...

...so *ALWAYS* read the **fine print** if you are selling your **voice** for a pair of **legs!**

...and of course, plenty of merch tables.

Chupacabra brand goat milk?

Why is it all STRAWBERRY?

CHUPACABRA THE GOAT SUCKER

Chapter 17

Almost there...
ZOOM!
How are you doing back there, C-UBE?
Now I know what it's like to be a ball!
CLANG!
BEEP!
WHAM!
A PINBALL!
BANG!

And so this *WAS* the **ULTIMATE MYSTERY!** No **EVIL PLOT...** or **SUPER WEAPON...**or plan for **WORLD DOMINATION...**

But the **clues** still led me HERE, to discover the ***true nature*** of Cryptidocon!

The WHERE.

YOU ARE AT

THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

The WHO.

VINYL SWAP

And the WHY.

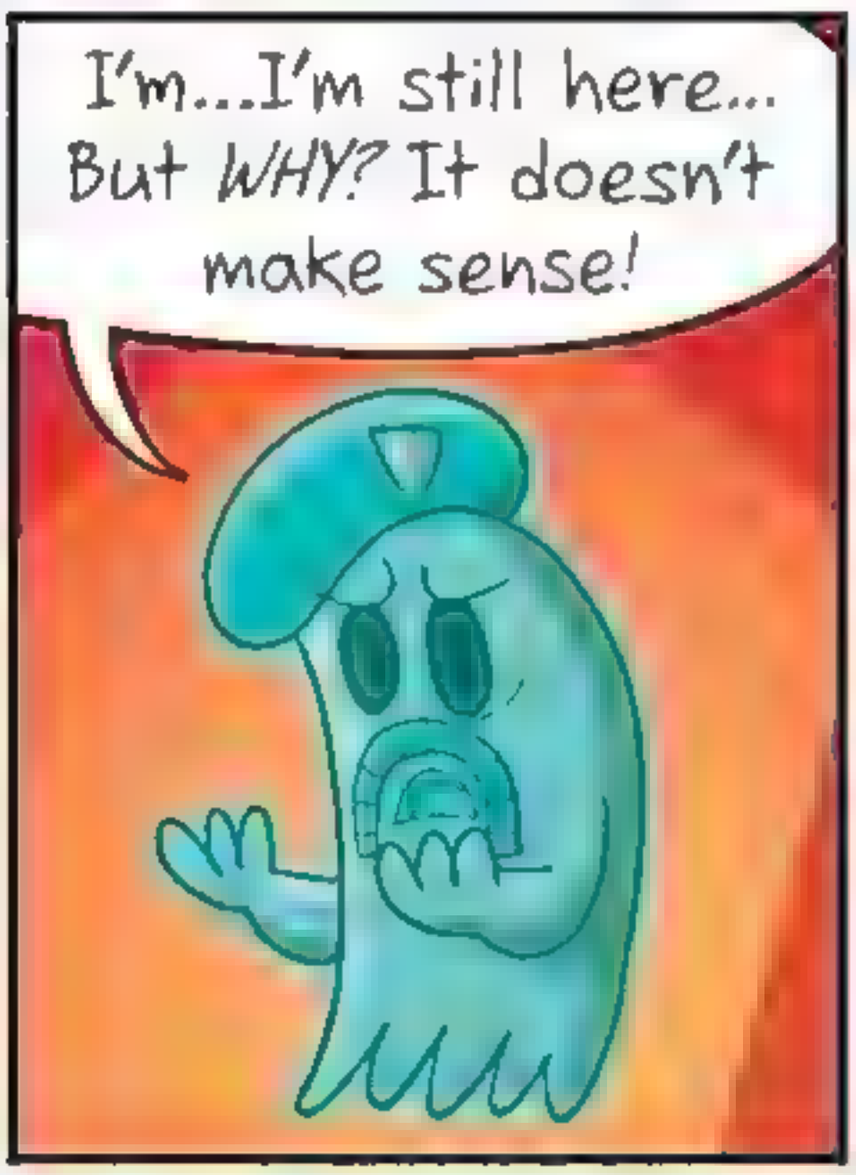
It's a *little* anticlimactic...but I finally solved a mystery ***SO BIG*** I can move on from this plane!

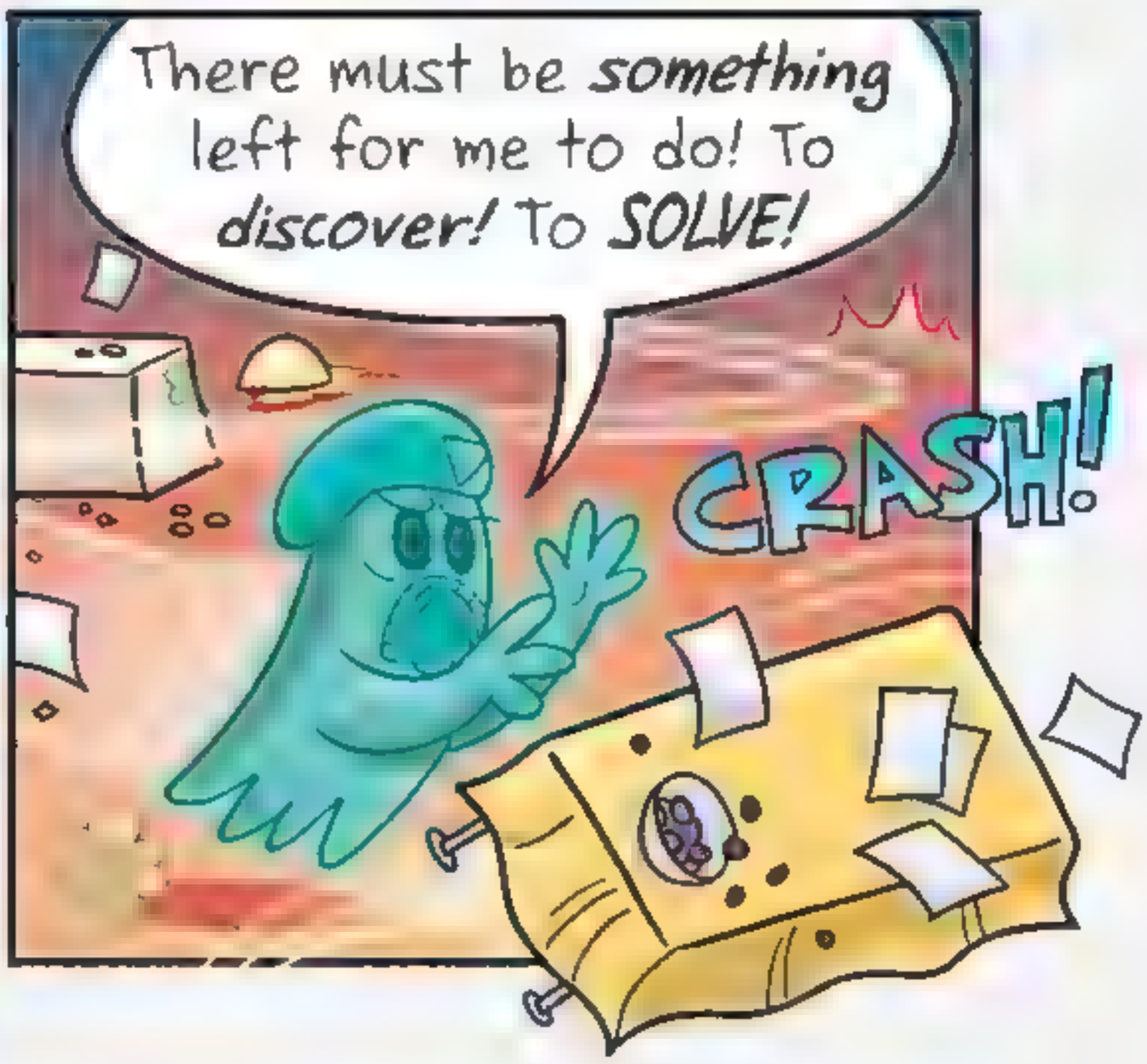
Plane? HA! We're *miles* from the nearest airport!

HERE WE GO!

Shouldn't there be an *angelic light* or something?

No?
Nothing?


I'm...I'm still here... But *WHY?* It doesn't make sense!


There must be *something* left for me to do! To *discover!* To *SOLVE!*
CRASH!

There must be more **clues** here... More **suspects**... More **MYSTERY!**

YOU! What **crimes** have you committed? What **secrets** do you hide?

That **ghastly spirit** is ruining *EVERYTHING!*

TRACT! Calm down... Your mission is *over!* Come back to S.U.I.T. with us!

Even if we make him see reason, what do we *DO* with him? Throw him in **jail?**

No punishment could be *WORSE* than an ***eternity*** as a **ghost** with no more **mysteries** to solve!

It would be too LONELY.

FOOM!

No **mission.** No **friends.** Any I had are long gone now...

Hello again, **"General InSpectre."**

Oh, Agent Monocle... I suppose you want your ***revenge*** then? Kick a ghost while he's down?

Well, you've earned it. I *tricked* you into helping me, and I drove your body around like a **stolen hot rod.**

I wanted to help you... I *WOULD HAVE* helped you! But you wouldn't ***listen to me!***

So hear me *NOW*...because I'm here for **C-UBE.**

Beep?!

C-UBE? The Completely Useless—

C-UBE is *NOT* completely useless, and I ***KNOW*** you know that.

Hmmm...

C-UBE has been... *VERY* useful. He...stayed by my side even after I *bought the farm* in that **broom closet.**

Your *unfinished business* isn't solving some **ultimate mystery...** It's saying goodbye to your **friend.**

You're...you're right. I never got to say goodbye to ANYONE.

I know. We shared a **mind** for a bit, remember?

Thank you, Monocle.

C-UBE, my **friend**...

Beep! Hello!

How do you say goodbye to a spirit?

I don't know!

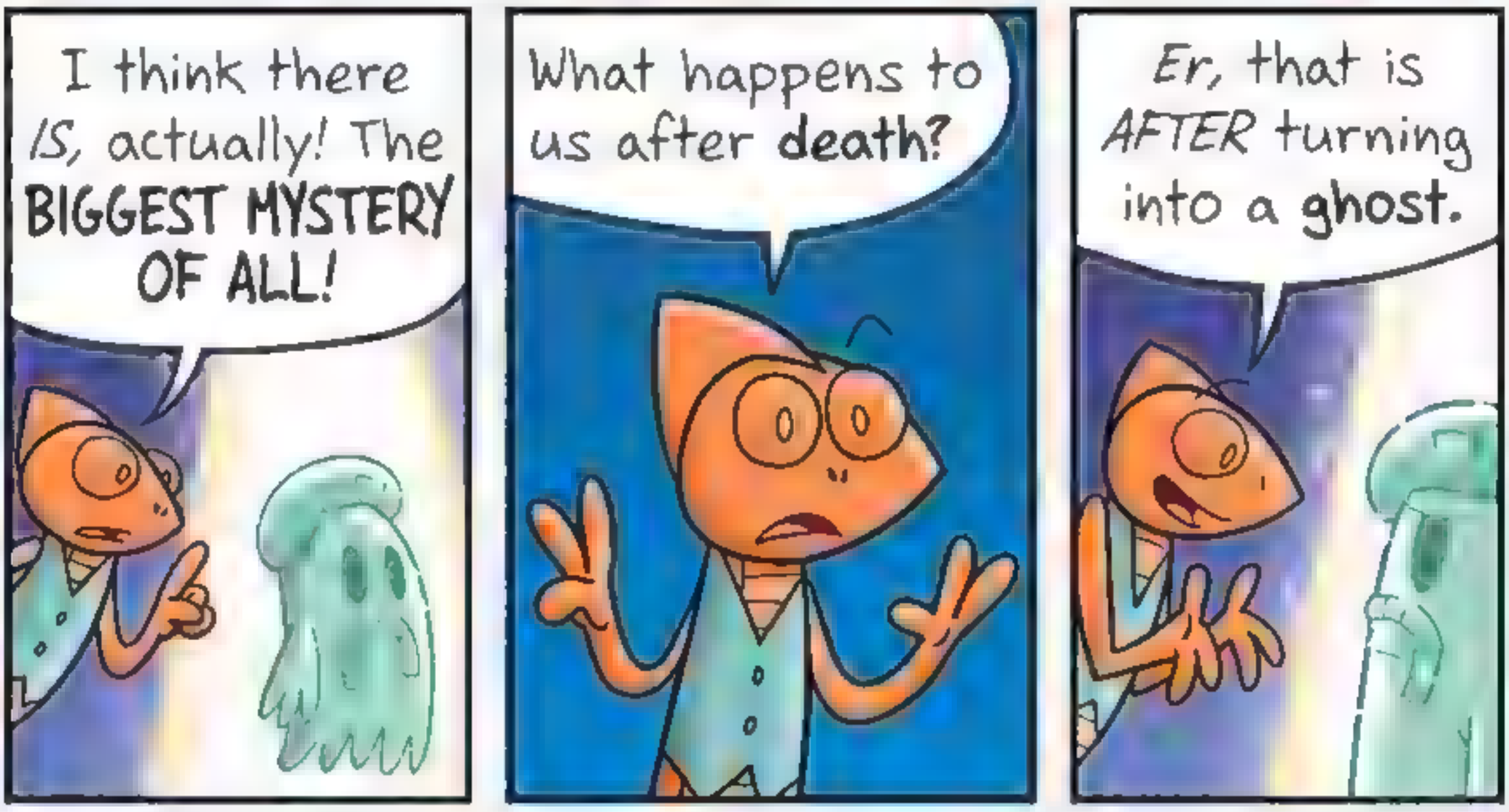
You can't! They've already *ghosted* you.

Ha ha ha ha BEEP!

I don't get it.

Farewell, C-UBE.

IT'S HAPPENING!
Buuuuuuut... I DUNNO!
There's gotta be ANOTHER mystery or two for me to solve somewhere...


I think there IS, actually! The BIGGEST MYSTERY OF ALL!
What happens to us after death?
Er, that is AFTER turning into a ghost.

What's waiting for us...up THERE?
Yes... YES!
None of us truly know!
And there's only ONE WAY to find out!

But I should probably wait until I *APOLOGIZE* to everybody back at S.U.I.T., right?

It's fine. Really.

Okaaay...but do I have everything I need? Wallet? Keys?

What's the matter, Tract? Cold feet?

He doesn't even *HAVE* feet.

But I might have left the gas on...

The gas...like the haunted house.

Let it go, you loquacious little lamb.

There's **NO** mystery here. Let it go.

LET. GO.

You've got to **LET GO**, Tract!

Hmm?

This **whole case,** *EVERYONE* has been telling me to LET IT GO...

But what *I'VE* learned to **LET GO** of are my feelings of **inadequacy...**

Before I can *PROVE* to everyone else I have what it takes to be an agent of S.U.I.T., I have to *PROVE* it to ***myself!*** And to do *that,* I have to **LET GO** of my **insecurities!**

You accidentally LOCKED yourself in that closet, and in a perpetual need to make up for that blunder, you've LOCKED your soul to this plane!

The plane is over there.

LET GO of what's holding you back, Tract!

I—I've come too *FAR* to **backtrack...** Yes. YES! You are *ALSO* right!

Monocle's right. Cilantro's right. Zeb's right...

We were probably right about *SOMETHING* along the way, too.

And I've...been so **wrong.** My mission here was over long ago.

Time for the *next* adventure!

Time...to LET GO.

Is anybody gonna help clean up the huge mess your friend made?

OF COURSE!

SPROING

We just witnessed a man CROSS OVER, and you want us to MOP?!

Life goes on!

Agents of S.U.I.T., I'd like to introduce you to my son, **Embry Emberson!**

If Mothman is your dad, that must make you Moth**BOY!**

So you're *ALL* **investigators?**

Well, *some* agents are more so than others, but *YES.*

Are you going to tell the **WHOLE WORLD** about us now?

Not at all! There are *SOME* mysteries that should remain, well, a mystery.

We have methods for keeping things **secret.**

Well, *THAT* sounds vague.

Oh, we've got an ***entire department*** for Vague.

Actually, that department could use a **liaison** to the cryptid community.

Embry, you've been looking for an **extracurricular activity** to beef up your college applications!

Really? Can I?

It sounds *perfect.*

Then it's settled! Working together will be the best way S.U.I.T. can keep *ALL* the cryptids safe.

And so the day was saved, once again...

WAIT—MANGO AND BRASH!!! I COMPLETELY FORGOT!

RAISE THE PIT! I want to see the *bones* of those **InvestiGators!**

RRRRRRRRRRR

WHAT?! *You* were supposed to become *their* *SUPPER!*

Did you honestly think *WE* couldn't face a few fellow **GATORS?**

We don't need Very Exciting Spy Technology to *MAKE FRIENDS!*

However...

...now we've got Very Exciting SIGN Technology!

STRIKE

UNFAIR WORKING CONDITIONS

BLOFISH IS ALL WET

Mango and Brash opened our eyes to our *terrible working conditions!*

We're going on **STRIKE!**

ON STRIKE

HECK NO

SAY NO TO BLO (FISH)

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

We're FED UP with being FED anyone you have a mild disagreement with!

I'm tired of that, too! Can I get in on this action?

UNFAIR

WHAT??? Henchmen can't **UNIONIZE!!!** *I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!*

Go fish.

Your plans are *all puffed up!*

PLOP

HMF.

Epilogue

Later...
We have all faced great adversity, but in the face of such terrible times...

What did we miss?
I got my first official V.E.S.T.!

It's not a FULL V.E.S.T.
CLICK

All it has are training wheels.
SPROING!

I remember when I got *MY* first V.E.S.T. with training wheels—

SHHHHHH!

...and so it is time to finally correct a long-lasting **WRONG** at S.U.I.T.

IN MEMORIAM

DARYL

ROBOBRASH

G.I. TRACT

We don't need *THIS PHOTO* of G.I. TRACT up here anymore...

CLUNK

G.I. TRACT

S.U.I.T.'s founder and *FIRST* General Inspector is deserving of a ***greater*** immortalization!

G.I. Tract is no longer missing in action but now *REALLY* deep undercover, on an indefinite investigation into the *GREAT UNKNOWN.*

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

Well, Zeb, I guess it's back to the **simulator** after this.
Gee, I dunno!
Careful! You might conjure up **G.I. Deneau's** ghost! HA HA!

So what's next for everyone?
I'm taking a *LONG BREAK* from fixing ***anything*** S.U.I.T. related. I'm going on **VACATION.**

Us too! A ***TOAST!***
TO A LOVELY VACATION!
Weren't you two *JUST* on vacation?

Oh, Mango.
Let it go.

HA HA HA HA HA!

I don't get it.

THE END!

AGENTS OF S.U.I.T.

How to draw BIGFOOT

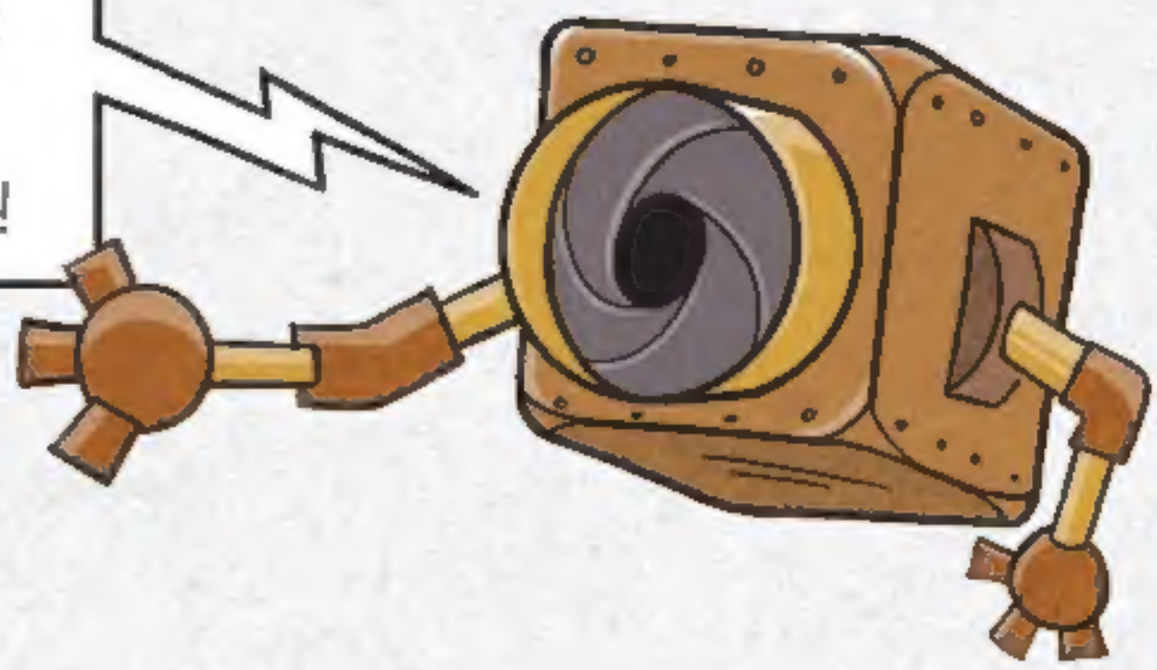
1. Find a Bigfoot to model for you. This might take a while—they're notoriously shy.

2. Start by drawing the basic shapes that make up the body and head. Draw what you see!

3. Next, add the details. Try to capture that distinct twinkle in Bigfoot's eye, and the way his mouth curls ever so slightly...

4. Just add some color, and voilà! A perfect Bigfoot! Well done!

BEEP! Keep your **eye** (or eyes) **focused** for more AGENTS OF S.U.I.T. adventures coming soon!



Visit
InvestiGatorsBooks.com
for more!

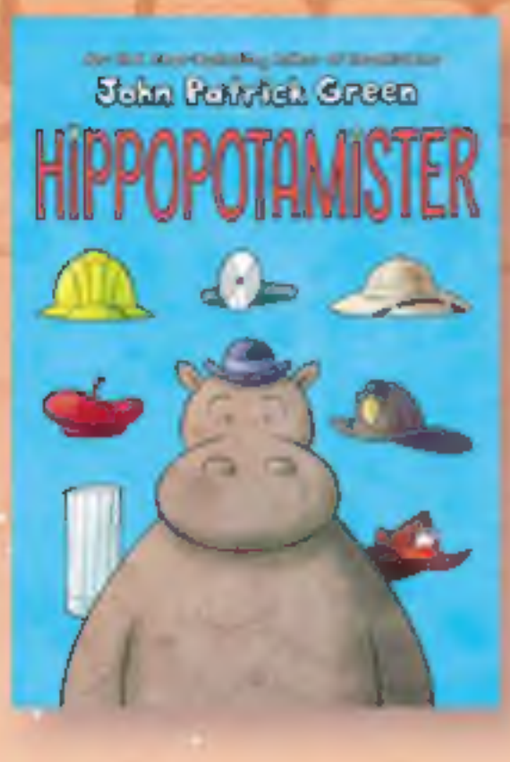
John Patrick Green is a *New York Times*-bestselling author who makes books about animals with human jobs, such as *Hippopotamister*, the Kitten Construction Company series, and the InvestiGators series. He is also the artist and co-creator of the Teen Boat! graphic novels with writer Dave Roman. John is definitely not just a bunch of animals wearing a human suit pretending to have a human job.

Christopher Hastings is a Brooklyn-based writer who is the creator of *The Adventures of Dr. McNinja* and co-creator of Marvel's *The Unbelievable Gwenpool*. He's worked on a slew of other comics like *Adventure Time*, *Five Nights at Freddy's*, and *I Am Groot*. He'll never tell you which badger is his favorite.

Pat Lewis is a freelance cartoonist/illustrator who lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with his wife and their two cats. His artwork has appeared in children's magazines such as *Highlights* and *Scout Life*, as well as books by Workman Publishing, Macmillan, and McGraw Hill. Some of his favorite things in this world are: flea markets, road trips, monster movies, and snack-bar nachos.

Wes Dzioba is a Canadian artist based in the city of Winnipeg with his wife and two sons. He was always a fan of comics and animation growing up, and broke into his coloring career by answering an ad in the newspaper for a colorist in 1998. He has worked with publishers like Disney, Dark Horse Comics, Marvel, Nickelodeon, DC Comics, and many more.

Read the John Patrick Green Collection!



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First Second
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From Mango and Brash to Zeb the rookie, the Agents of S.U.I.T.* never shy away from the toughest cases in existence.

But do they stand a ghost of a chance...

...against a spirited foe from the past?

Well, we're not going to tell you on the back cover. That wouldn't be mysterious.

Read more of the INVESTIGATORS series!

*Special Undercover Investigation Teams

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Cover design by John Patrick Green, Pat Lewis, and Molly Johanson

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